

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

NO. I.

DREAM-HORSES.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THERE is a little girl who hangs upon her mother's chair, getting her head between her mother's work and the light, and begs for pictures.

She expects her mother to make these pictures on some bit of paper treasured for the purpose, which she offers, with a book to rest it on, and a stubby pencil notched with small tooth-marks, the record of moments of perplexity when Polly was making her own pictures.

It is generally after a bad failure of her own that she comes to her mother. The pang of disappointment with her own efforts is apt to sharpen her temper a little; it does not make Polly more patient with her mother's mistakes that she makes mistakes herself. But between critic and artist, with such light as the dark-lantern of a little girl's head permits to fall upon the paper, the picture gets made somehow, and before it is finished Polly's heart will be so full of sunshine that she will insist upon comparisons, most flattering to the feelings of her artist, between their different essays at the same subject.

It is a subject they are both familiar with; and it is wonderful, considering the extent of Polly's patronage, that her artist's work does not better itself.

It is always a picture of a young person on horseback; a young person about the age of Polly, but much handsomer and more grown-up looking. And the horse must be a pony with a

flowing mane and tail, and his legs must be flung out, fore and aft, so that in action he resembles one of those "crazy-bugs" (so we children used to call them) that go scuttling like mad things across the still surface of a pond. In other respects he may be as like an ordinary pony as Mamma and the stubby pencil can make him. But the young person on the pony must be drawn in profile, because Polly can not make profiles, except horses' profiles; her young persons always look straight out of the picture as they ride along, and the effect, at full speed, on a horse with his legs widely extended from his body, is extremely gay and nonchalant.

With the picture in her hand, the little girl will go away by herself and proceed to "dream and to dote."

She lives in a horse-y country.

Horses in troops or "bands" go past by the trails, on the one side of the river or the other. Sometimes they ford where the water is breast-high over the bar. It is wild and delicious to hear the mares whinnying to their foals in mid-stream, and the echo of their voices, with the rushing of the loud water, pent among the hills.

Often the riders who are in charge of the band encamp for the night on the upper bend of the river, and the red spark of their camp-fire glows brightly about the time the little girl must be going to bed; for it is in spring or fall the bands of horses go up into the hills or down into the valleys,

or off, one does not know where,—to a “round-up,” perhaps, where each stockman counts his own, and puts his brand on the young colts. Over the hills, where Polly and her big brother go wild-flower hunting, horses wander loose, and look down from the summits, mere specks, like black mice, against the sky; they are plainly to be seen from miles away, for there is not a tree anywhere upon these hills. Sometimes a single horse, the chieftain of a troop, will stand alone on a hill-top and take a look all the wide country round, and call, in his splendid voice, like “sounding brass,” to the mares and colts that have scattered in search of alkali mud to lick, or just to show, perhaps, that they are able to get on without his lordship. He

the pretty ones, the ones she calls hers. They stare at her from under breezy forelocks, and no doubt think themselves much finer creatures than little girls who have only two feet to go upon. And the little girl thinks so, too—or so it would seem; for every evening, after sunset, when she runs about the house bareheaded, she plays she is a horse herself. And not satisfied with being a horse, she plays she is a rider, too. Such a complex ideal as that surely never came into the brain of a “cayuse,” for all his big eyes and his tangle of hair which Polly thinks so magnificent.

The head and the feet of Polly and her tossing locks are pure horse; that is evident at a glance, as she prances past the window. But the clinched,



POLLY'S DREAM-HORSE.

will call, and if his troop do not answer, he will condescend to go a little way to meet them, halting and inquiring with short whinnies what they are about. Sometimes, in spite of discipline, they will compel him to go all the way to meet them; for even a horse soon tires of dignity on a hill-top, all alone, with no one to see how it becomes him.

Polly likes to meet stray horses on her walks, close enough to see their colors and tell which are

controlling hands are the hands of the rider—a thrilling combination on a western summer evening, when the brassy sunset in the gate of the cañon is like a trumpet-note, and the cold, pink light on the hills is keen as a bugle-call, and the very spirit of “boots and saddle” is in the wind that gustily blows up from the plains, turning all the poplars white, and searching the quiet house, from room to room, for any laggard stay-indoors.



POLLY'S REAL HORSE.

Within a mile of the house, in the cañon which Polly calls home, there is a horse-ranch, in a lovely valley opening toward the river. All around it are these treeless hills that look so barren, and feed so many wild lives. The horses have a beautiful range, from the sheltered valley, up the gulches to the summits of the hills, and down again to the river to drink. The men live in a long, low cabin, attached to a corral much bigger than the cabin, and have an extremely horse-y time of it.

I should n't be surprised if it were among Polly's dreams to be one of a picked company of little girl-riders, in charge of a band of long-tailed ponies, just the right size for little girls to manage; to follow the ponies over the hills all day, and at evening to fetch water from the river and cook their own little-girl suppers in the dingy cabin by the corral; to have envious visits from other little girls, and occasionally to go home and tell Mother all about it.

Now, in this country of real horses there were not many play-horses, and these few not of the first quality. Hobby-horses in the shops of the town were most trivial in size, meant only for riders of a very tender age. Some of them were merely heads of horses, fastened to a seat upon rockers, with a shelf in front to keep the inexperienced rider in his place.

There were people in the town, no doubt, who had noble rocking-horses for their little six-year-olds, but they must have sent for them on purpose; the storekeepers did not "handle" this variety.

So Polly's papa, assisted by John Brown, the children's most delightful companion, and slave, and story-teller, concluded to build a hobby-horse that would outdo the hobby-horse of commerce. (Brown was a modest, tender-hearted man, who had been a sailor off the coast of Norway, among



THE GATE OF THE CAÑON.

the islands and fiords, a miner where the Indians were "bad," a cowboy, a ranchman; and he was now irrigating the garden and driving the team in the cañon).

Children like best the things they invent and make themselves, and plenty of grown people are children in this respect; they like their own vain imaginings better than some of the world's realities.

But Polly's rocking-horse was no "vain thing," although her father and John did have their own fun out of it before she had even heard of it.

His head was n't "made of pease-straw," nor his tail "of hay," but in his own way he was quite as successful a combination.

His eyes were two of Brother's marbles. They were not mates, which was a pity, as they were set somewhat closely together, so you could n't help seeing them both at once; but as one of them soon dropped out, it did n't so much matter. His mane was a strip of long leather fringe. His tail was made up of precious contributions extorted from the real tails of Billy and Blue Pete and the team-horses, and twined most lovingly together by John, the friend of all the parties to the transfer.

The saddle was a McClellan tree, which is the frame-work of a kind of man's saddle; a wooden spike, fixed to the left side of it and covered with leather, made a horn, and the saddle-blanket was a Turkish towel.

It was rainy weather, and the cañon days were

short, when this unique creation of love and friendship — which are things more precious, it is to be hoped, even than horseflesh — took its place among Polly's idols, and was at once clothed on with all her dreams of life in action.

When she mounted the hobby-horse she mounted her dream-horse as well; they were as like as Don Quixote's helmet and the barber's basin.

She rode him by firelight, in the last half hour before bedtime. She rode him just after breakfast in the morning. She "took" to him when she was in trouble, as older dream-riders take to *their* favorite "hobbies." She rocked and she rode, from restlessness and wretchedness into peace, from unsatisfied longings into temporary content, from bad tempers into smiles and sunshine.

She rode out the winter, and she rode in the wild and windy spring. She got well of the measles pounding back and forth on that well-worn seat. She took cold afterward, before the winds grew soft, experimenting with draughts in a corner of the piazza.

Now that summer gives to her fancies and her footsteps a wider range, the hard-worked hobby gets an occasional rest. (Often he is to be seen with his wooden nose resting on the seat of a chair which is bestrewn with clover blossoms, withered wild-roses, and bits of grass; for Polly, like other worshipers of graven images, believes that her idol can eat and drink and appreciate substantial offerings.) But when the dream grows too strong,

the picture too vivid,—not Mamma's picture, but the one in the child's heart,—she takes to the saddle again, and the horse-hair switch and the leather fringes float upon the wind, and her fancies mount, far above the lava bluffs that confine her vision.

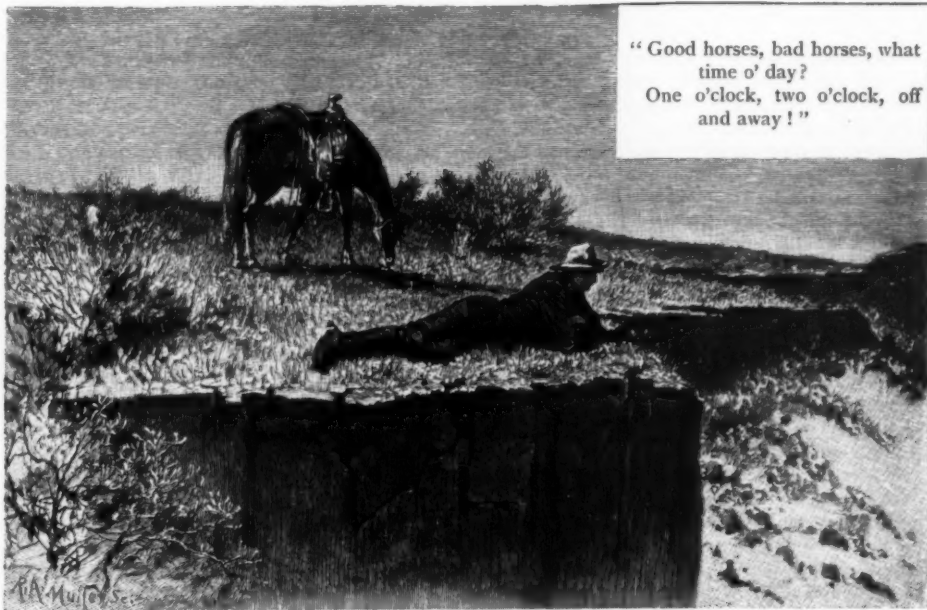
Will our little girl-riders be as happy on their real horses, when they get them, as they are upon their dream-horses? Is the actual possession of "back-hair" and the wearing of long petticoats more blissful than the knot, hard-twisted, of the ends of a silk handkerchief, which the child-woman binds about her brows when she walks, like Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the ground, in the skirt of her mother's "cast-off gown"?

It depends upon the direction these imperious dream-horses will take with our small women.

Will the rider be in bondage to the steed? Heaven forbid! for dream-horses make good servants but very bad masters. Will they bear her fast and far, and will she keep a quiet eye ahead and a constant hand upon the rein? Will they flag and flounder down in the middle-ways, where so many of us have parted with our dream-steeds and taken the footpath, consoled to find that we have plenty of company and are not altogether dismayed? The dream-horses carry their child-riders beyond the mother's following, so that the eyes and the heart ache with straining after the fleeting vision.

It is better she should not see too much nor too far along the way they go, since "to travel joyfully is better than to arrive."

If only they could know their own "blessedness" while the way is long before them!



"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" AS A PLAY, IN LONDON.

BY CECIL W. FRANKLYN.



ALL the children who have read Mrs. Burnett's pretty story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," will, I feel sure, like to hear how it was made into a play and acted in London. It happened that a gentleman was of the opinion that the tale would make a good play, and so he had one, written by himself, acted in a London theater, and he called it "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Now, Mrs. Burnett could not legally use the same title for another version, so she called her play the "Real Little Lord Fauntleroy." However, before hers was produced, the first play was withdrawn, because the English law said that it was not legal to act it; and every one was pleased that Mrs. Burnett should be able to play her own piece, made out of her own book, without any rival in the way.

Mrs. Burnett was very fortunate in getting Mrs. Kendal—a clever English actress, with children of her own—to see to the play being properly prepared, and to teach the part of the little lord to the child who was to act it. This was a nice little girl named Véra Beringer, who had once played successfully a small part in her own mother's play, called "Tares." The part of "Lord Fauntleroy" was a very long one, and Véra was only a very little girl; but she must have taken great pains to learn it, and Mrs. Kendal must have taken great pains to teach her how to act it.

At last, the parts were all learned, the actors had rehearsed till they were quite perfect, and so the day for the first performance came. It took place in Terry's Theater,—a pretty little theater, said to be the smallest in London, but holding a great many people, nevertheless. At night, ladies and gentlemen wear evening-dress in the stalls, dress-circle, and private boxes, which gives a very bright and cheerful appearance to the theater. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" made his first bow at a *matinée* performance, however, so ladies kept on their bonnets; and, to tell the truth, at times only little Véra's head was visible above certain high hats in the audience.

When the orchestra struck up, every one settled down to gaze and listen, and soon the curtain

rose, and we saw "Mrs. Errol's" modest little room. Such a pretty, winsome Mamma she was, too! dressed all in black, though, and in great grief because she had just heard that nearly all her money had been lost, and she would not be able to provide properly for her dear child. He did not feel sad, for he knew nothing about it, and was outside, in a field, running a race with some other boys. Mrs. Errol's servant, "Mary," wishing to divert her mistress, persuaded her to go to the window, and there they stood watching the race. When it was over, Mary gave a shout, for "Cedric" had won it triumphantly! Then he came running in—a dear little fellow in a white suit, with pale-blue sailor-collar, and big blue silk sash, and black stockings and shoes. He had a round, bright face, with intelligent eyes, and long dark-brown hair. Of course he was delighted over his success, and he had brought with him his two great friends, "Mr. Hobbs" and "Dick." Dick was played by an elder sister of Véra's, called Esmé. She tried to talk like an American boy, but did not succeed very well.

Well, Mrs. Errol and Mary went out of the room, and Cedric talked away to Mr. Hobbs and Dick as you can imagine; showed them the picture of the Tower of London, and learned that Mr. Hobbs had a very low opinion of the English nobility in general, and of earls in particular. So he was not sorry to retire with his guests for refreshment. Then "Mr. Havisham" was announced. He had come to tell Mrs. Errol that the "Earl of Dorincourt's" sons were all dead, that only one of them had left a child, and that the child was Cedric, who was now "Lord Fauntleroy!" On hearing this Mrs. Errol was at first happy to think that her little boy would be provided for, but, when she was told that she would have to give up Cedric, and never live with him any more, she wept so much that many of the audience wept too! She had to think very sadly and seriously before she could make up her mind that, since she could not educate him properly, it was right to part with him; but at last she consented, and, trying hard to hide her grief, she called in Cedric, and told him what had happened.

The first thing the little fellow could think of was, what *would* Mr. Hobbs say!

How delighted Mr. Havisham was with the bright, gentle boy! Here was a real little lord indeed;—and he heard about Cedric's poor friends, and gave him money from his grandfather, of which Cedric quickly made good use, as you will remember.

When Mr. Havisham had gone, Cedric had much to tell Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Hobbs said: "Well, I'm jiggered!" In fact, he was completely overcome on hearing that his little friend was to be an earl some day. I believe from that moment he began to think better of earls. Poor Mrs. Errol came in again, and Mr. Hobbs took his leave. Then the mother talked to her boy, explained that they would have to live apart, and tried to make light of it, but Cedric would scarcely be satisfied. Mrs. Errol told him, too, that every night and morning she would pray for him, saying, "God keep you all the night; God bless you all the day," and she clasped him tenderly in her arms. The day had been so exciting, he said, that he felt quite sleepy. So his mother soothed and caressed him, and as he fell asleep, he murmured, "God keep you all the night; God bless you all the day!" And as the weeping mother bent over the sleeping boy, the curtain came slowly down.

When it rose again, we found the cross old Earl scolding his servant, and making things very uncomfortable. Mrs. Errol begged him to be kind to Cedric, whom she had just brought to the Castle; but the Earl would scarcely listen to her, and she went away in great distress. Then Cedric was sent for, and came sauntering in, gazing with delight at the pictures which adorned the walls, at the soft carpets, and quaint old oak furniture, and so up to the big arm-chair, in which his grandfather sat beside the fire.

The Earl was at once pleased with the appearance of the little fellow in dark-blue velvet knickerbockers, blue silk stockings, and cerise silk sash. He let the boy care for his poor gouty foot, and tell him about the dog. "I am not afraid of him," said Cedric. "Are you?" And then the Earl had to hear about Mr. Hobbs, and you would have laughed at the way in which Véra imitated the exclamation, "Well! I'm jiggered!" So much was the Earl won by the boy, that he allowed him to write to the bailiff to say that "Higgins" was not to be turned out, and Cedric's enthusiastic admiration for Lord Dorincourt's generosity and goodness made the old man begin to wish he were what Cedric believed him to be. Dinner being announced, Cedric bravely assisted his grandfather, mopping his damp brow, and begging the Earl not to mind leaning on him, and explaining that any one would be warm in such hot weather! So they went out together.

Then "Minna" walked in, and when little

Cedric returned from the dining-room, she soon learned from him what had happened. But how the poor old Earl despaired and reproached himself on learning that Minna was his elder son's wife, and that *her* child was therefore entitled to be Lord Fauntleroy! How sorry he was that Cedric was not the heir, and that this loud, vulgar woman was his daughter-in-law! He had to tell Cedric, of course, and Cedric said brightly that he did not care at all about being an earl, but was he not to be his grandfather's boy any more? "Yes! always, always my boy," said the Earl, laying his hand tenderly on the brown curls. And then down went the curtain once more, just when we saw that the hard, proud old man had been melted into love by the winning trustfulness and affection of a little child.

When the last act began, Cedric was dressed in a white riding-suit, and was talking to the groom about the "new boy," and about Dick and Mr. Hobbs, who were expected every day. Just at



that moment they arrived, and Cedric's mother, too, and the Earl was delighted to see her; and all were quite happy until the hateful Minna came in again, for she said she had brought "Lord Fauntleroy" with her. You may imagine every one's delight when Dick recognized her, and proved that Cedric

was Little Lord Fauntleroy after all! Minna was soon sent away, and the Earl begged "Dearest" to come and live with him and her boy—which she, being gentle and forgiving, gladly promised to do.

This was the end of the play, and the audience applauded till Mrs. Burnett bowed to them, and then they called for Mrs. Kendal, who appeared on the stage with Mrs. Burnett, and the two children.

All the actors played so well that it is difficult to praise one more than another, but you will like best to hear about Véra. She made no mistakes,

but said her words perfectly, and played so naturally that we all were charmed. So bright, so affectionate, so courteous, and so generous was her Cedric that we did not wonder that every one loved him. The children who were present were delighted: they wagged their little heads, laughed cheerily, and clapped heartily whenever they saw an opportunity!

So the play was very successful, and again, as in the beautiful story, Little Lord Fauntleroy won all hearts.



THE CARVING OVER THE SALLYPORT

BY JOHN J. A BECKET.

IN the beginning of the century it lay there, just as comfortable a bit of green cropping out from the gray water as it is now. That is, Governor's Island was as cool and pleasant a spot, so far as natural features go, as it is to-day. But there are many things about it at this present which it did not have then. The garrison quarters, and the neat houses fronting on the lawns, wherein the officers enjoy so much sweet peacefulness after training themselves for the terrible turmoil of war, are more numerous and more home-like than they were in those days.

The island has had many vicissitudes. One of them was the building of Fort Columbus. There was a fort there before,—Fort Jay; but the good people of New York thought this was not stout enough for a defense if the mother country, or France, were to send men-of-war sailing grimly up the harbor against the men of war who were stationed behind the stone walls of the island fortification.

Mayor De Witt Clinton, and then Mayor Marinus Willett, desired to do whatever was thought needful for the well-being of the city they governed, and they felt that the pretty island must be made useful

as a sentry over the town. The *New York Gazette* and the *Evening Post* (for there was the *Evening Post*, even then) could write such dreadful stories about the unprotected town, and would describe what the foe might do if the foe only wished to; and it was very blood-curdling, I assure you.

Finally, our good fathers and grandfathers became so worried about it, that what did they do but go down to the island themselves, strip off their coats, and help to build Fort Columbus. It was a sight to see!—those goodly old gentlemen puffing over their patriotic toil.

Even the learned professors of Columbia College laid aside caps and gowns and went to help rear the stout walls which were to shield the city's defenders. And the boys—the young fellows! It was a jolly time for them. Not sorry were they to quit thumbing their Homers and Ciceros in order to become patriots. They liked it. It was fun. Of course, to have those heavy blocks of stone to carry all the time, to dig and wheel and hammer every day, would n't have been so enjoyable. But it was only for a time that they must put their shoulders to the wheel and help the country; and they did it with exuberant, boyish enthusiasm.

But there was one poor fellow on the island who did not take so much interest in what was going on. He had something else to consider—something even more serious to him than was the defense of the colony to these young patriots. He was thinking that by the time they had finished the improvement in the fortification, a body of soldiers would march him out on the open space within the fort, then draw up in a blue and white line opposite to him, and aim at him with their glistening guns. Then an officer would give the signal. Bang! would go the muskets; and very poor marksmen indeed must they be, if they did not leave him there on the ground—dead!

That was what this young man was considering, and the thought was not a pleasant one. Not at

there in the sunshine, under the big broad arch of the sky, and to feel the cool sea-breeze blow around him in a friendly way. There was a great difference between this and being kept in his hot cell, where a small window let in light and air in such a miserly way.

He began to take considerable interest in the work on the fortification, after all. As the brown-stone wall rose, he watched the young collegians wheeling barrows filled with material, and helping so generously, and he found much pleasure in the sight. Sometimes he would sigh heavily when the thought came that in a few weeks he was to be shot, for his time was drawing to an end now. Then he would try to forget it all; indeed, what was the use of thinking about it? To brood upon



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

all. He did n't desire to be shot. He was only twenty-five. He preferred to live to a green old age and then die quietly in his bed. But he had been arrested as a spy, and things had looked suspicious when a drawing of the place was found upon him and he could n't give the countersign.

Then it was a bad thing for him that he confessed to coming from Kings County, which was then a hot-bed of Tories. But all these things had happened, and he had been taken before the court and sentenced, in a dreadfully harsh way, to be shot. He had only some six months to live. That was better than being shot as soon as they captured him, but still it was n't very good. He greatly preferred not to be shot at all.

He was not treated cruelly in the mean time. During a certain part of the day he was permitted to come out of his cell and walk about in the inclosure of Fort Jay. It was so pleasant to come

his fate would only poison what little life remained for him.

There was a little girl who interested George Horton (for that was the prisoner's name) even more than did the fortifications. She was a child whose yellow hair shaded her tiny face and fell almost to her large blue eyes. Her father was the commander on the island. She often came out with him to look at what the young collegians and the others were doing to the fort. She did not understand much about the art of war, though the daughter of a soldier. But she liked to see them set the big stones in place as they hoisted them to the top of the wall, which was very high, for they had now nearly finished their labors.

George Horton was a man pleasant to look upon. He had eyes which were deeply blue, full red lips delicately curved, and a head of curly brown hair. He did n't look like a spy, but he was going to be

shot as one. The little Alice did not know that. They did not wish to shock her tender soul by so painful a thought.

"Why don't you work, and help those black men and the boys?" she said one day so innocently to George Horton, looking up trustfully into his face. It was the honorable faculty of Columbia whom she described as "black men," because she saw them in their dark clothes.

"Oh, they have enough without me, Little One," said Horton.

"But I wish you to help, too," said Alice, impatiently.

"Well, I'll tell you what I will do. You ask your papa to let me have a mallet and some cutting-tools, and two or three blocks of this stone, and I will carve something to go over the sally-port," he answered, half in jest, to please the child.

But the little girl took it all quite seriously, and told her papa that the "man who walked around" wanted stone, and things to cut it with, and he would make something to put on top of the "Sally-gate." She was her papa's commanding officer, because her mamma was dead and had left this little golden-haired angel to remind her husband of her and of their short but happy married life. So the commander said the man should have plenty of stone, and could chip away all he chose. "He can't do any mischief," he said to himself, "and there's stone enough and to spare."

The next day he gave orders that the prisoner should be supplied with the tools he needed, and said he could have some of the stone blocks. Horton picked out a sunny spot somewhat apart from the scene of the men's labors and used it as a studio. It had a low bench for furniture, upon which he could put the blocks to be cut, and also a seat where Alice could sit and watch his work.

First, the young fellow took some brown paper and on it drew a beautiful design for a piece of sculpture. In it there were to be cannons, flags, cannon-balls, and guns, and the whole made quite an imposing piece for the sally-port. He measured the walls, and determined the size and proportions of his sculpture.

"See the pretty thing the man is going to make," said Alice to her papa, when he came down to the works one day. Papa looked at the plan and was surprised. It was much more artistic than he had supposed it would be. Then as he examined the proportions, the scale according to which George Horton meant to carve, his mustaches went up a little; for he was smiling grimly at the thought that there could hardly be time to finish all that before the prisoner would have to be interrupted in his work — and shot! But he said to himself that it would do no harm to let him go ahead. It

would please him and would please the little girl, and it did not matter very much whether the sculpture was ever finished or not.

Horton looked about among the pieces of brown-stone, rubbed his finger along their surfaces, and picked out some of the largest and finest-grained blocks. He wheeled these in a barrow to the spot he had selected, put one on the bench, and, with his design before him, set to work.

Alice did not take much interest during the first day or two, because he seemed to be simply knocking the stone to pieces, and she was afraid of being hurt by some of the bits that came flying through the air from the chisel. But when the piece began to exhibit the rough proportions of a cannon, and of a draped flag, and George showed her in the picture what the part was and where it would be in the completed work, she became more interested, and would sit there talking to the young fellow and watching him with admiring eyes.

"You are truly working on the fort now, are n't you?" she said to him.

"Yes, Alice, I am making this for you, and it will be your present to the fort, because it was done to please you," George answered, pleasantly.

He became absorbed in the work, and it went on bravely. Alice's papa often came to see it. He was quite surprised to find that the young prisoner was really a sculptor. He carved the brown-stone with true artistic skill.

Day after day his chisel would dig out the form and outlines of the group, and every day the little girl came, sat by, and looked at it.

Poor George had done no more than hew the stone into some rough resemblance to his plan, however, — and in a week more he was to be shot! He would not be able to finish it! The commander came oftener to look on; and as he studied over it, he would twist his long mustaches and look very grave. Then he would walk away, biting at the end of his mustaches, and with his heavy eyebrows knit. As the time for the execution drew nearer and nearer, the commander came more frequently, and used to watch with peculiar interest the sturdy young fellow who chipped away so vigorously at the hard stone. Once the officer seemed to sigh as he saw the young man stop and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

One day, Alice for some time had been watching the cannon — which was getting very round and smooth now — as George worked away at it; and when her papa came she was ready to go away with him.

"Good-bye, George," she said (he had told her his name) and held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Little One," he said cheerfully. He had come to love the bright child who seemed to

take such pleasure in being near him. He cared more for her than for the sky, or the sea breeze — more than for the sunshine.

She held his hand, and then put up her pretty mouth.

"I'd like to kiss you," she said, in a simple way.

George glanced at her father, who was standing close by. That stern warrior nodded his head to the little girl who was his commanding officer, and Horton lifted her up to his face and kissed her

in a few days has shown remarkable skill in carving. The group he is making promises to be quite an ornament to the sally-port. He has worked very industriously and faithfully. Now, it seems a pity that he should not have time to finish his work. It is something that will be a monument to his name. We are soldiers, and we know that glory is better than life. It seems hard to take him away from the sculpture before he has completed it. The respite will be short.

"I have called you together, then, to say," he



"DAY AFTER DAY THE LITTLE GIRL CAME, SAT BY, AND LOOKED AT THE CARVING."

heartily. Then he gently set her down, and she ran off by her papa's side, full of childish life and gayety.

While he was holding the little girl she had flung her arms around his neck and clung to him, and a very pleasant smile had come on the young fellow's lips at this proof of her artless regard. The father of Alice had watched the scene, and kept very stiff and stern. But when they started to go he said, "Good-bye, Horton," in a brisk but friendly way.

That evening Alice's father summoned the other officers to a meeting for the following day in the mess-room. When they came, at ten o'clock the next morning, he said to them:

"The prisoner who is under sentence to be shot

continued, "to say that I think,—as he can be executed at any time, and as the work can not be finished if he is shot,—and especially when we consider that he has worked so diligently and has been so well behaved,—I think, I say, that we ought to reprieve him until he finishes the sculpture for the sally-port. What do you say, gentlemen?"

Well, they were all in favor of it except one old martinet who would not have put off even his own execution, and who would have critically examined the men and their guns while they were drawn up ready to shoot him. He said no. But all the rest said yes. They were in favor of it. So the martinet remained a very small minority indeed, and did n't count.

When the commander went back to his room he wrote on a slip of paper, "Your sentence will not be carried out until you have had time to finish the sculpture for the sally-port." He signed his name to it, and then looked around to find his little daughter.

"Allie," he said to her, "you see this paper? I wish you to take it and give it to the man who is carving the stone."

"That 's George," said Allie, smartly.

"Well, you give this to George, then," said her papa, and he closed her small fingers over the paper. "Do not lose it."

George was chipping away at a new block when he saw the blue-eyed creature running toward him. Her golden hair was tossed by the wind and blown about her head till it looked, George thought, like the golden halo around the head of a saint in an old picture.

"Here, George!" she said, as she came up, and thrust out her hand holding the paper. He took it, and she put her hands behind her back and looked at him to see what the paper would do. He read it, his face brightened, and he caught up the little girl, kissed her, and told her she was a darling. Then, putting the little girl into the seat she usually occupied, George returned to his carving. Alice had never seen him show so much delight in his task.

So the work went on, day after day. George added new features to the design till it became a very effective group indeed. The wall was finished and the young students of Columbia were ready to return to Homer and kindly old Horace. But the piece for the sally-port was yet to be put into place. George Horton had cut and smoothed and rounded it. It needed all his courage to lay down his chisel and say, "It is done," when the green sward and the crack of the muskets were to be the reward of his labor. But he felt he could do no more. It was done; and all that now remained was to hoist the different blocks to their places over the sally-port.

Much interest had been taken in it of late. It was an excellent bit of work. The old soldiers came and looked at it, and so did the learned professors.

"He 's a good one for clipping stone, he is," said a soldier.

"Yes; he seems proficient in the glyptic art," said a saucy collegian; whereupon the blue-coat looked at him with envy.

It was a bright, sunny morning, and the men were hoisting up the carved blocks. George, with pride in his eye, was superintending the work. They had the blocks all in position, and were putting the top-piece into its place. Alice was watch-

ing the operation. She kept near to George, who was directly below, where he could see everything.

As the men were setting the last block, a rather heavy stone, Alice saw some pretty dandelions growing near the wall, just beneath the entrance to the sally-port. She ran to get them. As she stooped to pick them up, through some awkwardness or miscalculation, the stone slowly toppled, and in a moment more was falling!

A shriek broke from Alice's father, soldier though he was, when he saw death hurtling down upon his lovely little girl. But George Horton had seen the danger even sooner than the father. On the instant he dashed forward, and leaning over against the wall, he screened the body of the little girl with his own.

Happily the big block did not fall directly upon him. But it crashed down and threw him to the ground, and the child too was overthrown. Had he not stepped forward it would have grazed her body, but might have left her unscathed. As it was, she was not hurt, though her fright was great, and the soldiers who ran up carried her to her father.

But poor Horton lay there deathly white near the stone, which had grazed one of his limbs. He had fainted from the pain. They carefully raised him and bore him to the barracks.

It was only by the greatest care that his leg was saved from amputation, for there was danger of mortification. But there were no bones broken, and, after five or six weeks' siege in a sick-room, Horton recovered and could walk about.

Alice's father was greatly touched by the self-sacrifice of the young fellow. It went to his soldierly heart to see the courageous young man hurl himself into the breach, and especially, to save his little golden-haired girl from deadly peril. It did not take him long to decide what he ought to do. He prepared a communication to the commander-in-chief, and set forth what Horton had done. He told of the young fellow's good conduct, of his hard, earnest work on the sculpture for the sally-port; touched in terms of high praise on the work itself as a piece of ornamental carving, and spoke of how great a decoration it was to the new fort. Then he told of Horton's noble conduct in trying to save the little girl from being hurt by the falling stone, and of the severe injury and long, painful illness which had resulted.

"Is not this a case for clemency? We, the undersigned, urge the prisoner's release. He has shown himself worthy of mercy. If he is released on parole he is a man to keep his word."

All the officers signed this document except the dreadful old martinet, who voted that Horton should be thanked and praised and then — be shot.

At the end of the document, in a large, sprawling hand, was written:

DERE GENERAL: George saved my Life, and I wish you would please let him go. He is a good, kind, man. ALICE PRESCOTT.

In a few days the General sent a document in reply, and it proved to be Horton's release on parole. When he was told, he was glad enough. He seized the little Alice the next time he saw her and said:

"When you grow up, Alice, and see the carving over the sally-port, you can say, 'That saved George Horton's life, and except for me it would not have been made.'" Then he kissed her very heartily, and she returned the kiss with childlike earnestness.

George Horton married, and some of his great-grandchildren are yet living in Kings County. Alice was married, too, and when she brought her children to see the sally-port she pointed to the sculpture, and told them it had saved a man's life, and that a soldier had carved it at her request when she was a little girl.

And there it is to-day over the sally-port. The edges are eaten away by the weather, and it looks a little flaky and the worse for wear. But it lends an interest to it to know that the young fellow who carved it lived to a green old age because of this

work, instead of meeting a tragic death on the green sward of Fort Columbus in his youth.



THE CARVING OVER THE SALLY-PORT.

RUTH'S BIRTHDAY.

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

My little girl is eight to-day—
That is, she 's just twice four;
Or four times two, perhaps you 'll say;
And maybe that 's a better way
To make my love seem more.

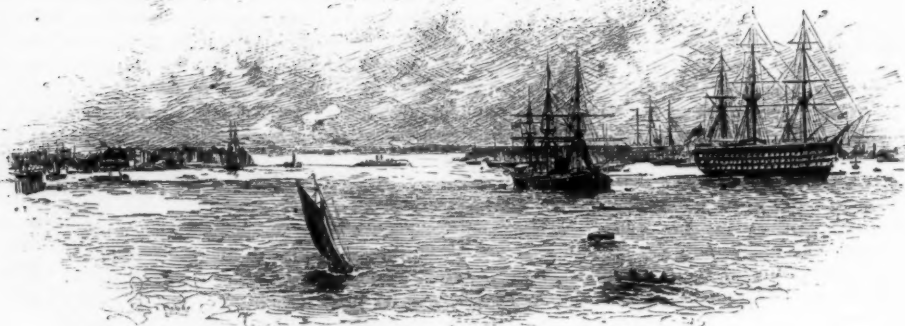
For when my pretty Ruth was two,—
When she was just half four,—
It seemed as if the love I knew
Had grown—or, as she 'd say, "had grew"—
Till it could grow no more.

She was a little midget then,
When she was only two,
And used to say "Dear Lord, Amen;
Bress Papa, Mamma, 'n' me again";
'T was all the prayer she knew.

And now she 's four times two! dear me,
And writes a big round hand;
And when they 're passed a cup of tea
She makes her dolls exclaim "*Merci!*"
Which French dolls understand.

When eight? or two? I scarcely know
Which birthday I would choose.
At eight I 'd have, keeping her so,
Four times as much to love,—but oh!
Four times as much to lose.

At what age did she seem most dear?
Ah, well, to tell the truth,
A different blossom bloomed each year;
They all seemed sweet; but this one here,
You know, is *really* Ruth.



MOUTH OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOR.*

THE QUEEN'S NAVY.

BY LIEUT. F. HARRISON SMITH, R. N.

SINCE the time of Henry VII., the old town of Portsmouth, in England, has been the headquarters of the British Navy. To English boys the place is familiar through stories and biographies of sea heroes. But to American boys a brief description of Portsmouth will not be without interest. The town is built on the east side of the harbor, an extensive piece of water running from the English Channel into the south coast of the county of Hampshire. Along its east shore and extending year by year farther north, is the dock-yard. Let us climb the signal-tower and take a view of the surrounding sights. The yard, with its numerous docks, basins, sheds, factories, and houses, looks like a settlement of no little extent; but beyond, through the generally smoky atmosphere, can be seen the town and its environs.

This vast expanse of brick and mortar gives one some idea of the necessities which attend so large an establishment as the dock-yard.

The thousands of workmen employed form a colony in themselves, and they occupy the parts of the town toward the north and east; while along the coast in the same direction, the town of Southsea stretches away for two or three miles. It is here that the officers — naval, military, and civil — for the most part reside, and the view in this direction, embracing as it does the well-laid-out recreation grounds, the piers and their crystal pavilions, the canoe-lake and other ornamental waters, is most pleasing.

Looking south, we see, over the fort-studded waters of the Solent, the Isle of Wight — the garden of England. Continuing around the circle of our view, we come to Stokes Bay, where a huge iron-clad is tearing along on the measured mile at the top of her ponderous speed, doing her utmost to establish a reputation for swiftness. She is closely followed by an arrow-like torpedo-boat, which gradually gains on her, yard by yard. But the torpedo-boat is not matching her speed with that of the monster. She is out only for trial of her deadly discharge-tubes, and so, just when the race is most exciting to the onlookers at the top of the tower, the little boat shoots off in a direction opposite to that taken by the huge iron-clad.

Glancing to the west side of the harbor, we see the Naval Hospital at Haslar, a fine pile of buildings, which appears capacious enough for all the officers and men of the British fleet, and not alone the sick and wounded. Near by is the victualing-yard at Gosport, with its great bakeries and stores of clothing and provisions.

Along the north shore of the harbor are the Portsdown hills, the sky-line of which is broken by threatening forts, and an occasional chalk-quarry, while Nelson's monument crowns the ridge. Right below us, in the harbor, are three venerable men-of-war. The largest on the right is the "Duke of Wellington," the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief of the port. This vessel served a commission at sea in the Baltic, during the war against

* The illustrations to this article are copied, by permission, from photographs by Messrs. Symonds & Co., Portsmouth, England.

Russia in 1854, and afterward. She is nearly the last of her race, as iron soon afterward began to fulfill the pretended prophecy of old Mother Ship-ton, the soothsayer, which ran :

"Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat."

Next comes the most treasured relic of her naval struggles which Great Britain possesses. This is the venerable and venerated "Victory," the flag-ship of Lord Nelson, his battle-field and his death-bed. On the 21st of every October, the old ship is decorated with garlands in memory of that day in 1805, when the great and glorious battle of Trafalgar was so bravely fought and so dearly won.

The third old ship — always an object of interest to strangers visiting Portsmouth — is the "St. Vincent," a training-ship for boys. The lads were aloft actively engaged at drill when we saw them.

Nor should we forget the quaint parish church, built in the twelfth century, with its peal of bells stolen by an admiral from Dover some hundreds of years ago, and then brought round in his ship to Portsmouth; and its old organ saved from the wreck of a vessel which was conveying it to Spain.

In July, 1887, being already familiar with the surroundings of England's great naval center, we entered the dock-yard to see the rapid preparations to bring forward, for commission, the ships and torpedo-boats about to be assembled for review by the Queen, on the occasion of the Jubilee, on July 23d. It should first be understood that a ship is said to be commissioned, when her commander has been commissioned to man and prepare her for service at sea. Other ships are in "reserve"; the first reserve containing ships nearly ready for sea service, and so on downward, till a dismantled and

empty ship, requiring extensive repairs to her hull, new boilers, and a general refit of her machinery, is placed in the fourth class.

The ships then preparing were the "Inflexible," "Collingwood," "Edinburgh," and "Imperieuse"; a fast torpedo vessel, the "Fearless"; nineteen small iron gunboats, and nearly thirty torpedo-boats. As the little torpedo-boats had already been manned, and were just home from a cruise, they were awaiting only the return of their officers and men from the depot-ships, and could be made ready in about two hours.

It was about nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st of July. The Inflexible, Collingwood, and Edinburgh were to be commissioned. The captains and most of the officers had arrived in Portsmouth the night before, and at the hour named the ensign was hoisted at the staff, and the captain's whip-like pennant was run aloft to the truck of the mast with all due solemnity. For some min-



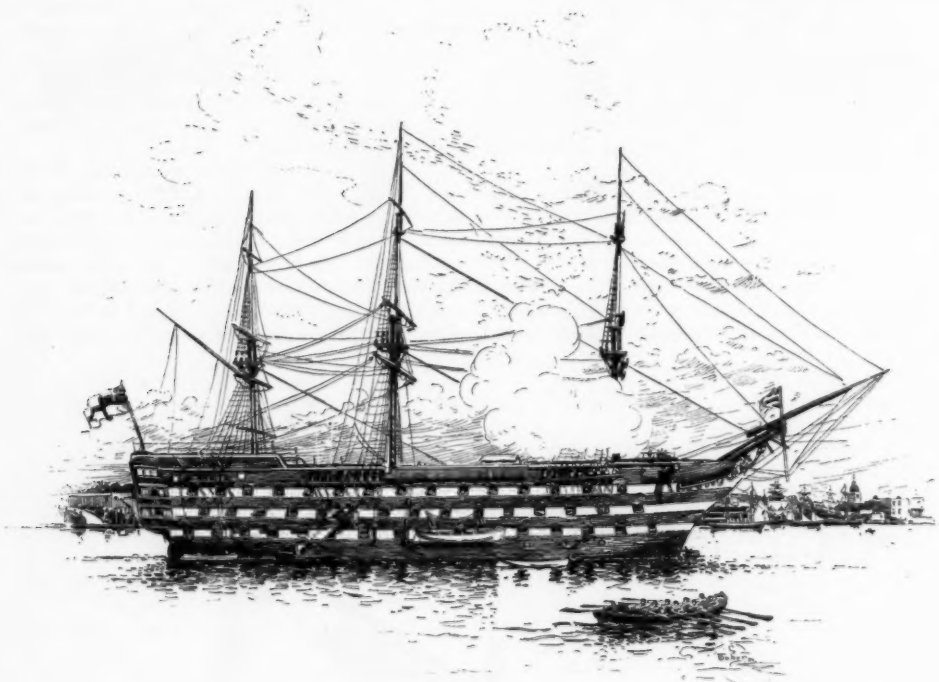
THE "VICTORY'S" ANCHOR: ERECTED UPON A MEMORIAL PEDESTAL ON THE BEACH AT SOUTHSEA, OVER THE SPOT WHERE NELSON EMBARKED FOR HIS LAST VOYAGE.

utes there was a continued fire of greetings from old friends, who stumbled upon one another on the deck of the same ship after long years of separation. But soon the bustle began; the men carried

below the bags containing their kits, the hammocks were stowed in the boxes, and for some time everybody, from the captain down to "Jack-in-the-Dust," or the steward's small boy, was busy

outfitters, who take care of them until their owners return — perhaps after many years have elapsed.

The stowage of the cabins was soon complete enough to enable their tenants to occupy them,



LORD NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "VICTORY."

settling down—a brief process with officers who are well accustomed to it, and whose worldly belongings seldom exceed a fair load for a four-wheeled cab. The officers and their servants work together with a will to stow into tiny cabins gear which in chaotic disorder would appear to require a warehouse for its reception.

Here, an officer, with coat and vest off, is giving his personal attention to his valued knickknacks, pictures, and mirrors, while he directs his servant as to the stowage of his clothing, which is rapidly transferred from the unwieldy chest, or packing-case, which refused to go through the cabin door, into the chest of drawers under his bunk; for, on board ship, space is so limited that an economy Goldsmith thought worthy of note in the ale-house of the "Deserted Village"—"a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day"—is almost the rule. But by noon, most of the empty cases are on their way from the dock-yard to the stores of the various

and the disposition of the many ornaments was left till some more leisurely hour. Meanwhile, a no less busy scene has been enacted on the men's mess-deck. The bags having been stowed in the iron racks prepared for them, the men are busy putting their broad-brimmed straw hats and their ditty-boxes overhead.

The ditty-box itself is certainly worth looking into. It is a plain deal case, with lock and key, and comes in for its share of scrubbing and cleaning with the same unsparing severity as the shining deck. It contains all the treasures which a sailor can carry about with him. Now it holds but little, its contents being only the few articles necessary to the tailoring which each man must do to keep his clothes in order, a book or two, a few home treasures, and maybe a watch and chain. Occasionally a promising young seaman may have gone so far as to provide for the likelihood of his being promoted to the rating of boatswain's-

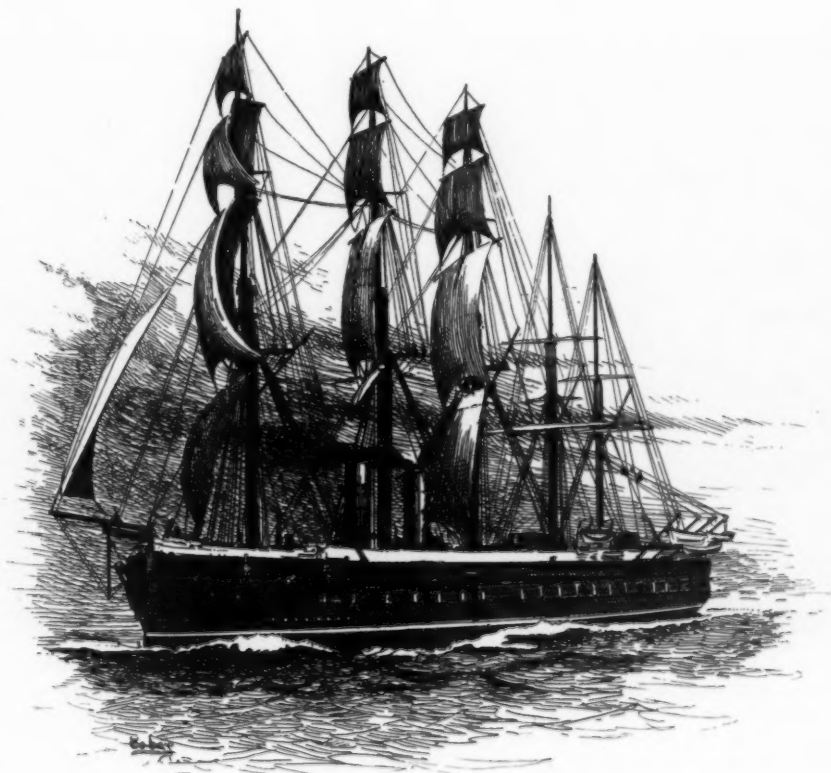
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mate during the commission, and have brought with him a silver call or whistle, perhaps the present of his wife or sweetheart. Before the end of a commission, the ditty-box probably will be full of letters from home, and of all bright days in the life of a sailor on a foreign station, the brightest are those on which the mail arrives.

But over the ditty-box, we are forgetting the men themselves. They have been told off to the different messes in which, generally speaking, they will live for the term of the ship's commission, though many may change, from time to time.

boxes divided off by a low bulkhead, or partition, from the open deck, the messes consist simply of a plain oblong wooden table, hanging at one end from the ship's side, and supported at the other by iron legs. A bench runs along each side of the table, and a few racks, to hold plates, basins, and other crockery in security when the vessel knocks about at sea, complete the furniture of the mess.

The food of each mess is prepared, day by day, by the member who in turn is "cook of the mess," and by him it is taken to and brought from



THE "AGINCOURT" FROM THE "MINOTAUR."

Either they leave the ship, or they can not agree with their messmates, or they wish to be in the same mess with their chums or "townies," and so are exchanged from one mess to another for the mutual satisfaction of all parties. Excepting those of the chief petty-officers, who live in one or more

the galley, where it is cooked on the stove by the ship's cook. The cook performs this duty for all the messes, except those of the officers, who have their own galleys. The men of each mess are responsible for its cleanliness, and on Saturday, the great cleaning-day, tables and benches

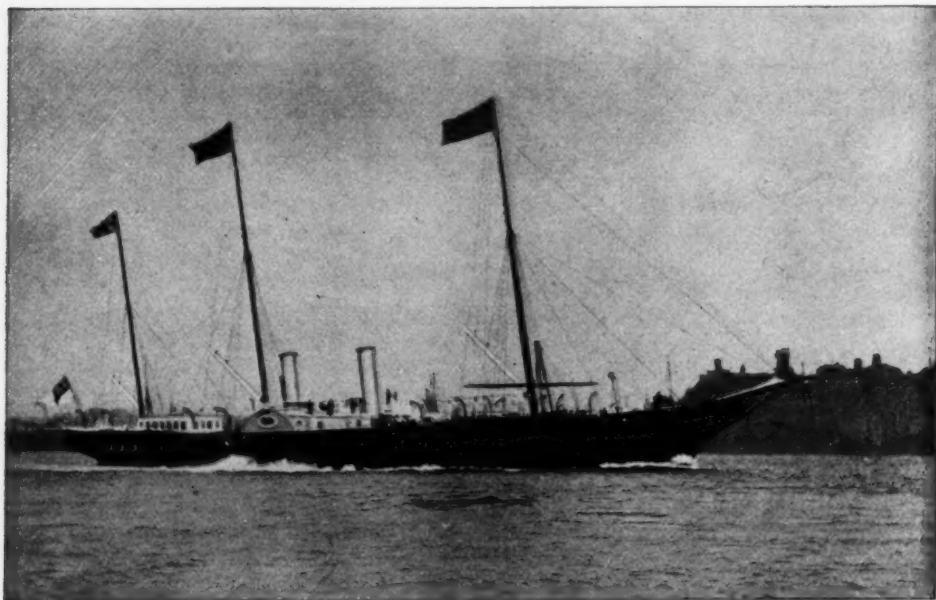
are placed overhead, that the decks may be thoroughly scrubbed.

But when noon arrives, the sentry strikes eight-bells with a vigor peculiarly characteristic of marine sentries at this hour, and immediately there is a clattering of tin dishes, plates, spoons, knives, and forks, above which is heard the shrill piping of the boatswain's-mates' calls, as they pipe to dinner with their long-drawn notes and tremolos. During the busy days of commissioning, the time granted to the men for their meals is short, and as, until after the evening quarters, or muster, their only chance to smoke is during meal-hours, very little time is lost in conversation at dinner,

officers in charge, and the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants; and whenever anything is amiss, the fact is reported to the captain, who attends to supplying the deficiency.

For some days this goes on. Carts are continually arriving from the different stores in the yard with rope, canvas, and the thousand and one last articles required. At last the ship is ready to receive her powder and shell, to have her compasses adjusted, and to run a steam-trial in charge of her own engineers and stokers.

When her stores are shipped she is hauled from alongside the dock-yard wall and made fast to a buoy in the harbor. Or she goes out of harbor and takes



THE ROYAL YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

nearly everybody wishing to secure as much time as possible for his pipe. When the dinner-hour is over, out go the pipes and all the men (or "hands," as they are termed) are told off to various duties; but to-day the bugle sounds to exercise at "general quarters," which means, preparing for action. When a ship has been some time in commission, this is a matter of a very few moments; but now the gun-gear has to be tested, and examinations must be made to see that all articles and stores for working the guns, providing powder and projectiles, or for flooding the magazines in case of fire, are supplied.

So everything is minutely inspected by the of-

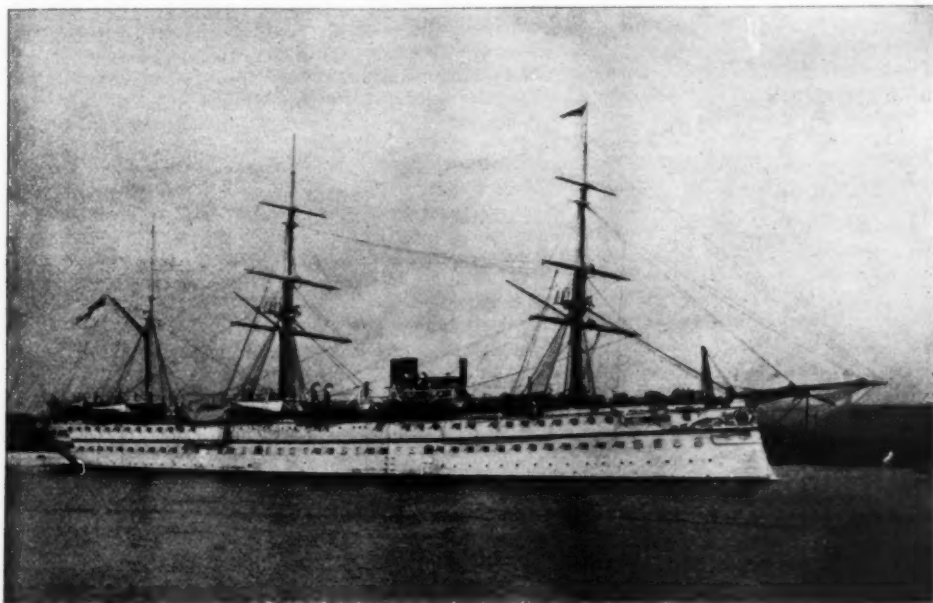
ficers in charge, and the errors of her compasses ascertained and recorded, or corrected, and runs her trial trip. There may be a few defects to be repaired, after which she probably goes for a week's cruise in the Channel to test her sea-going qualities and familiarize her officers with her behavior. Finally, she leaves England for her station abroad.

Such is an outline of the method of commissioning a ship; and though the ships for the Jubilee Review were to be commissioned for only a short time, yet they went through this whole routine. It was intended that they should be fitted as if for general service; and, indeed, their efficiency was severely tested in the complicated maneuvers.

Shortly after being placed in commission the big ships went on a cruise to Portland, sixty miles to the westward of Portsmouth, and there they remained until their return to Spithead to take position for the Review. Meanwhile the smaller vessels, gunboats and torpedo-boats, were being prepared; but as the work of commissioning these

their anchorage after the Review. As we go out toward the fleet we pass close to a little squadron of six trim sailing-brigs, which are tenders to the boys' training-ships at Portsmouth, Portland, and Plymouth. Pretty, toy-like craft they seem in the foreground of the vast fleet of grim war-vessels.

Our torpedo-boat dashes across the bows of



INDIAN TROOP-SHIP.

small craft is comparatively light, it was left till a later time. By the 18th of July, all the ships were ready, and two days afterward the magnificent fleet was moored in its formation. Thousands of spectators daily thronged the beach, the piers, and the frequent excursion-steamers which ran up and down the lines of war-vessels. After dark, practice with the electric lights began, in order to insure the success of the illuminations which were to follow the Review.

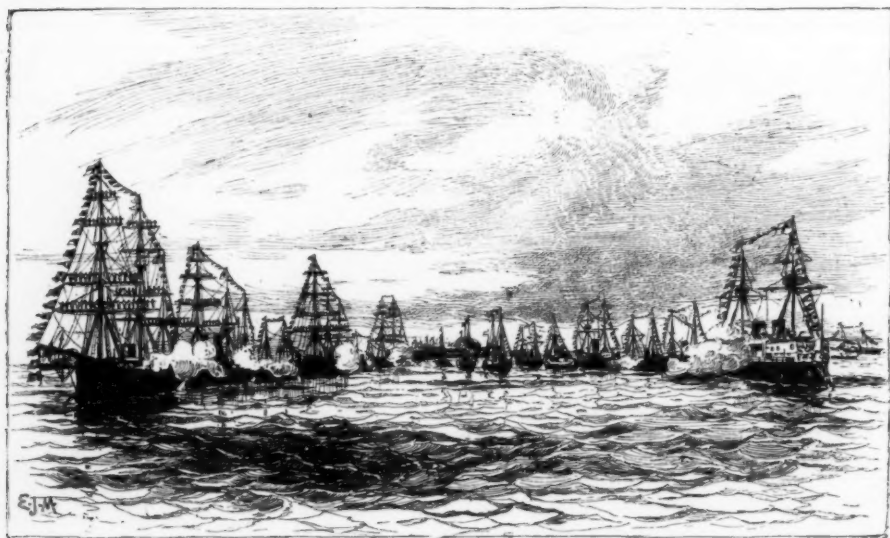
All the fleet being in position, activity and order took the place of bustle and confusion. A glance at the chart (see page 26) shows us that the big ships were moored in three squadrons, of two divisions, or lines, each. Between the northern lines of the squadrons — called Second Divisions — and the shore, were five flotillas composed of smaller turret-ships, gunboats, and torpedo-boats. This arrangement was made in order that those ships which were to maneuver in company might be placed together and be in convenient positions for leaving

two old-fashioned turret-ships, "Prince Albert" and "Glatton," which lead the lines of D Flotilla; and we pass on under the stern of the "Agincourt," and board the "Minotaur," which is flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir William Hewett, V. C. These two ships, each having five masts, are just alike, so that a visit to one will make us acquainted with both. At the gangway, we are received by an officer who willingly sends a quartermaster over the ship with us, as his own duties do not permit him to leave the upper deck during his watch. From the raised poop we have a splendid view of the opposite line of ships, while dead astern of us is a confused forest of masts, funnels, and superstructures. Through the gaps between the ships of the other line we can see the torpedo-boats, but we must inspect them more closely on our return trip to the harbor. Looking forward, the bows of the ship seem to be a tremendous distance away, while the intervening deck, unincumbered by big guns, looks like a ball-room floor — for which, our

guide informs us, it very frequently has to do duty.

The admiral is on shore, so, under supervision of the sentry, we take a walk around his cabins.

man's writing-table is situated. This has a thoroughly business-like air, in contrast with its more romantic surroundings. Electric bells connect the desk with every part of the ship, summoning by a



ENGLISH NAVAL REVIEW. PROCESSION OF ROYAL YACHTS REVIEWING THE FLEET.

We expected something very spacious for such a "monarch of the sea," but we find one compartment almost monopolized by a big 12-ton gun, ponderous, but harmless in comparison with the more modern and lighter pieces of ordnance which we shall see later. On one side of this gun is the admiral's sleeping-apartment, a comfortable place, like any gentleman's dressing-room. On the opposite side of the gun are the dining-tables, adapted for the admiral and his staff, or for larger parties, "for 't is n't often as the admiral does n't have a lot of people to dinner," remarks the quartermaster. Then we step into the after-cabin, which is decorated with pictures of ships which the admiral formerly commanded, and with curiosities from almost every land under the sun. There is a wonderful shield and silver gauntlet, and numerous spears and robes, all presents from the King of Abyssinia, for the admiral is a member of the ancient Abyssinian Order of Solomon. There is a splendidly mounted horn from Norway; there are trophies from the Soudan, West Africa, the Cape of Good Hope, and China, in such profusion that we seem to be paying a visit to a museum.

Many photographs of friends occupy the rest of the available space, except where the great

touch officers of the staff, sentries, or signalmen; while baskets of papers, blue-books, and piles of letters and papers lie about.

Around the stern are glass doors leading out to a small veranda, called the stern-walk, which looks pleasant in this July weather. But it would not be a comfortable place during a bitter winter night in the English Channel.

Passing out of the cabin, and down a steep ladder, we reach the after part of the main-deck. Behind a screen of red curtains are a stove and some easy-chairs of cane or wicker-work, for this is the officers' smoking-room.

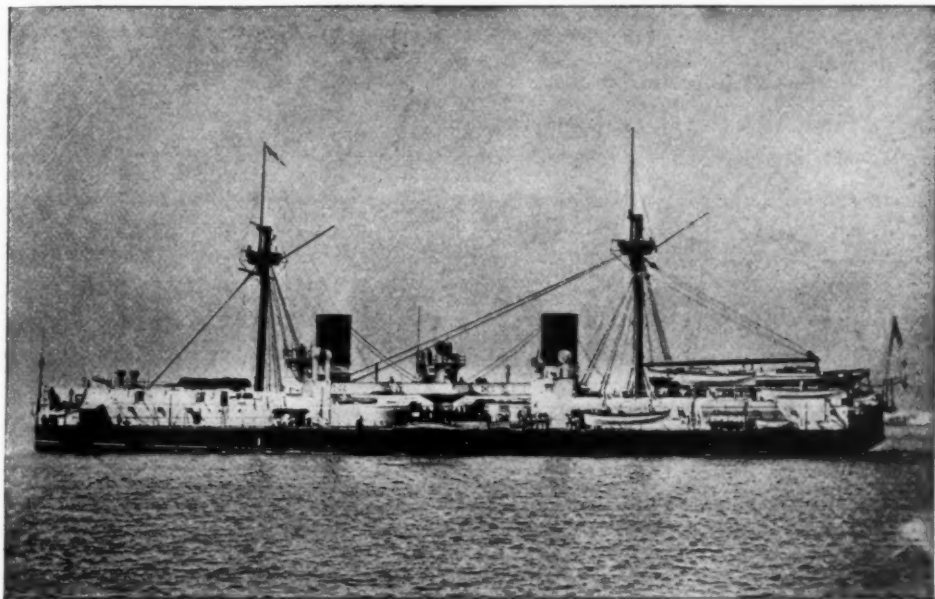
For some little distance forward,—or toward the bows,—on each side, are cabins or offices, and then we come to the monster guns which seem to reach almost up to the deck above. We wonder how it can be possible to live while they are fired in so confined a space; but it is said that the noise is less deafening inside the vessel than outside. Between the guns are the men's messes, as already described. There is no room beyond the space necessary for moving about. Cooking-stoves, huge chain-cables, and mess-places for the chief petty-officers, occupy every available inch of the middle part of the deck, while the guns and tables in the

men's messes fill up the sides, leaving only a narrow gangway.

We now dive down a dark hatchway near the bows, by means of an iron ladder, and coming to the lower deck we find the cells, capstan, and electric-light machinery, racks for the men's bags, and scores of other things. On this deck, and below it, the ship is divided off into water-tight compartments, by means of iron walls or bulkheads. We pass through them by heavy iron doors, which can be closed at a second's notice. But we are now nearly below the level of the water outside, and the only light we get is from the hatchways and some small windows called scuttles, which are pierced

pies nearly the whole length and breadth of the room, but a piano is just squeezed in at one corner. In the bulkhead, at the opposite end of the gun-room, is a small sliding window, which leads into the pantry. This window is incessantly opening and shutting, while the miscellany of articles passed through it is perfectly astounding.

A gun-room steward must be a man of many talents, or his life will not be worth living. The calls on his temper are outnumbered only by the demands on his stock, and he must learn to brook the imperious tone of the childlike voices which command him, half-a-dozen times a day, to "bring me my jam, and look sharp about it; my boat is



THE "INFLEXIBLE."

through the ship's side. In some places the side is of great thickness, owing to the armor and its backing. In this old ship the armor is only five and a half inches thick, while that of the new "Inflexible" is twenty-four inches thick, and has a backing of twenty-five inches.

In one compartment we find the "gun-room," the mess-place of the younger officers. This is a dingy cave, lighted now by a dim oil-lamp; but the young officer who welcomes us informs us that at night, when the engines are working, the room is well lighted by electricity. Against the ship's side are lockers for books and sextants, while hooked on the bulkheads are numerous telescopes, swords, dirks, and a hundred other articles. A table occu-

called away." Often enough the order is drowned in a babel of other shouts from a multitude of throats simultaneously yelling for various extraordinary articles of consumption — cocoa, biscuits, tobacco, or fruit. Sometimes the babel is silenced by a stentorian shout from a sub-lieutenant, who subdues the tumult by authority, and takes advantage of the lull to enforce his own claim for a cooling draught. But in response to the bewildering outcries, the steward gives a cheerful "Aye, aye; one moment, sir!" and before that brief interval has expired, a dozen different articles are thrust through the window with a precision only acquired by years of practice.

Just outside the gun-room are the chests of its

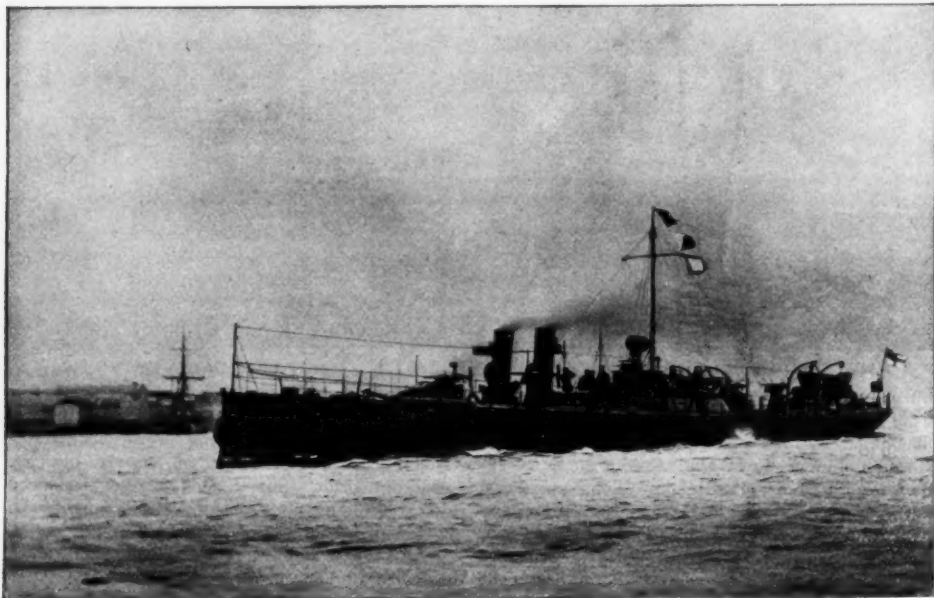
occupants, for the young officers have no cabins. Each chest contains all the worldly possessions of one officer, which, thus packed, are as inaccessible as they well can be. Immediately under the lid are three or four shallow trays. One of these is fitted as a washstand, with basin, mug, soap-dish, and receptacle for tooth-brushes. Another till is a sort of loose box for everything; while a third contains a miscellaneous collection of neckties, handkerchiefs, pipes, money, and a limited stock of jewelry. Under these trays, and packed more or less tidily, according to the tendencies of the marine servant who "looks after" each young gentleman, are his uniforms, suits of plain clothes, boots, linen, and articles of haberdashery. After this explanation, my readers will not find it difficult to understand why the expression "everything on top, and nothing at hand, like a midshipman's chest," is commonly applied to any chaotic disarrangement on board ship.

Aft, or nearer the stern of the ship than the gun-room, is the ward-room, where the senior officers live. This is a spacious apartment surrounded by tastefully decorated cabins, and lighted from the deck above by a large open skylight, or hatch-

seniors to be much more appropriate to gun-room society.

From our inspection of the *Minotaur* we returned to the torpedo-boat which was to convey us through the lines, and passing down between the port and starboard divisions of the three squadrons, A, B, and C, we turned to come up between the lines of the flotillas of gunboats and torpedo-boats. Being anxious to pay a visit to a torpedo-boat, we selected No. 81, which, being one of the largest boats, was in H flotilla. She is one hundred and thirty-five feet in length, and capable of steaming eighteen knots, or sea-miles, an hour. This is equal to a speed of more than twenty land-miles. Her crew comprises a lieutenant, who commands, a sub-lieutenant, a gunner, an engineer-officer, and sixteen deck and stoke-hold hands. The men are all specially trained in their duties, the seamen in gunnery and torpedo-work, the engine-room artificers and stokers in the care of the delicate machinery and boilers of these boats.

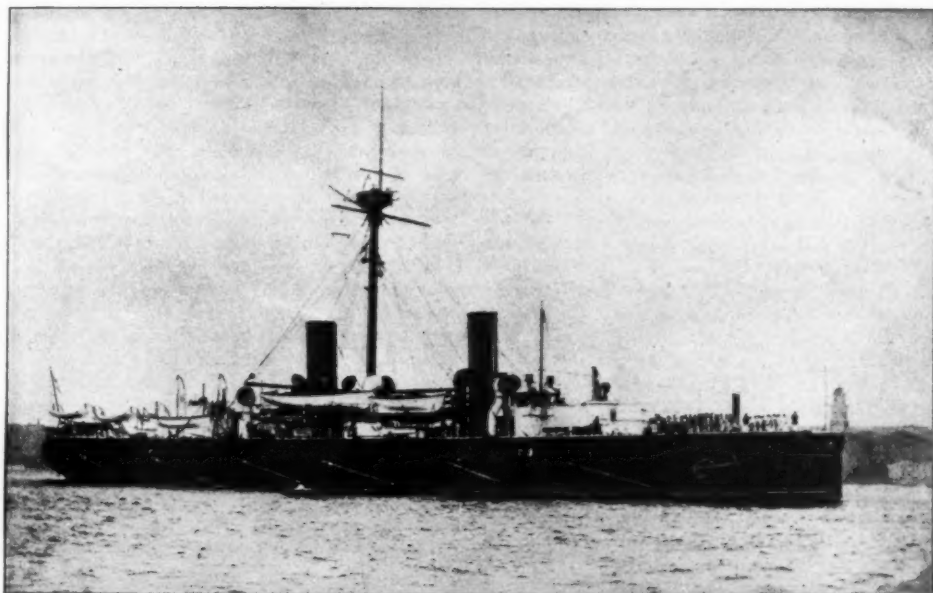
Her armament consists of quick-firing machine-guns, which throw a projectile three pounds in weight, and capable of piercing a considerable thickness of iron or steel plating. But besides



TORPEDO-BOAT.

way. The ward-room differs from the gun-room in its staid and sober quiet, except when some young officers, but recently promoted from the latter mess, show a liveliness popularly considered by their

these guns, which may be considered as the auxiliary armament of a torpedo-boat, are the tubes and carriages for discharging torpedoes. Fixed in the bows, and opening out through the stem,



AN ARMORED CRUISER.

or cutwater, is a tube which fires only directly ahead of the boat. On deck are other tubes which can be pointed, or, as it is called, "trained," in any direction desirable. The torpedo is discharged from its tube or carriage by means of gunpowder or compressed air, which is called the impulse. This expels the torpedo with considerable force, and during its progress to the water a small obstruction throws back a lever on the top of the torpedo, and so admits compressed air, from the chamber in which it is stored, into the engines. Thus the screw-propellers are set in motion automatically as the torpedo is entering the water; and while they continue to revolve the torpedo is kept moving through the water toward the object at which the tube or carriage was aimed. The torpedo can be adjusted, before being fired, to go through the water at any particular depth required.

The torpedo itself is double-ended in shape, like a cigar. At the forward point is a detonating contrivance called a "pistol," which explodes the charge when the torpedo comes into contact with an object. To insure detonation of the pistol, even if the object is not struck at right angles, there are "whiskers" or projections, and these cause detonation if the torpedo strikes the object obliquely. Next to the pistol comes the charge of gun-cotton, the weight of which varies in different

torpedoes, but which may be taken as about one hundred pounds. The greater part of it is wet gun-cotton, which is ignited by the explosion of some dry gun-cotton, called a primer; and this primer is itself exploded by the action of the fulminate contained in the pistol. The torpedo also contains a chamber of air to give it buoyancy, and another chamber of compressed air for working the engines. The engines are contained in another compartment, from which the shafts to turn the screws pass to the stem of the torpedo. There are two screws which work in opposite directions on the same center. This is accomplished by putting the shaft of one inside the shaft of the other. There are rudders for keeping the torpedo on its course and at its proper depth, and these are worked by a balance mechanism in the interior of the torpedo. Small projecting fins on the body of the torpedo reduce its tendency to roll. Precautions are also taken to render the torpedo harmless until it has gone a certain distance, and again after it has run its journey. In the absence of such precautions it might be more dangerous to friends than to foes, either by turning round and running back against the ship from which it was fired, owing to some defect in the steering arrangements, or by exploding when picked up by friends.

Half on deck and half below the upper deck of the boat, are bullet-proof towers, from which the

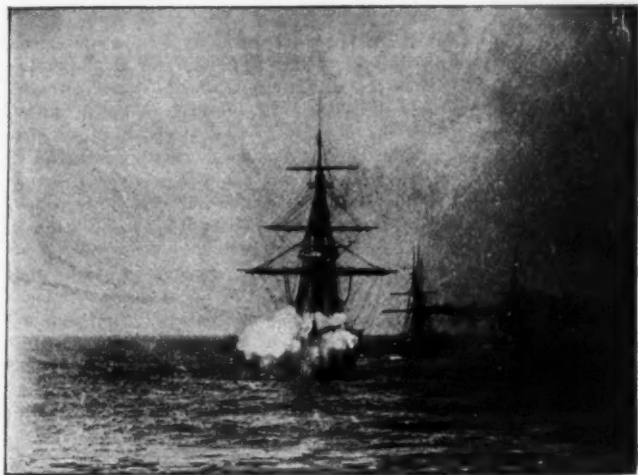
fluttered aloft a brilliant display of bunting, which, in the twinkling of an eye, had formed itself into a rainbow over every ship in view. This change was magical, for one could not see the men running away along the decks with the ropes which hoisted the flags into position. From the main-trunk of the Osborne, the standards of the Prince of Wales and the King of Greece flew side by side. The forenoon was not very advanced when people began to throng the walks along the sea-front, the beach, the piers, and every possible point, above and below, from which a view of the expected pageant could be obtained. Long before the time appointed for the troop-ships conveying visitors to move out of harbor, thousands were thronging into the dock-yard, by special trains from London, in carriages, and on foot. The jetties were soon covered with people, and lined by ships two and

vessels already named, there were ten vessels for diplomatists, naval and military functionaries, scientific societies, and friends of those in the navy.

Punctually at the time appointed for the vessels to start on their tour round the fleet, they began to move, and at last a long stream of ships was seen threading its way between the lines of the men-of-war anchored in review order at Spithead. Many of them were to repeat the tour in the Royal procession, so they dropped their anchors near Osborne Bay, ready to take position in the line which was to be formed to follow the Queen's yacht, the "Victoria and Albert." The others, having seen all there was to be seen, took places to the southward of the south line of ships, in the positions which you will see marked in the chart. Soon after three o'clock a gun was heard. This was the signal which announced that the Royal yacht was leaving Osborne

Bay. Immediately the sound was repeated by another gun fired from the *Inflexible* (which carried the flag of the Commander-in-Chief), and then the cannonade of a royal salute thundered from every ship of the mighty fleet, till the air reverberated again. Meanwhile the royal procession approached, and when the smoke cleared away, every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the sovereign.

The way is led by the yacht of the Trinity Corporation, which precedes the royal yacht as a pilot, then comes the "Victoria and Albert," followed by the Osborne and the tenders and other ships of the procession. As the vessels steam grandly up between

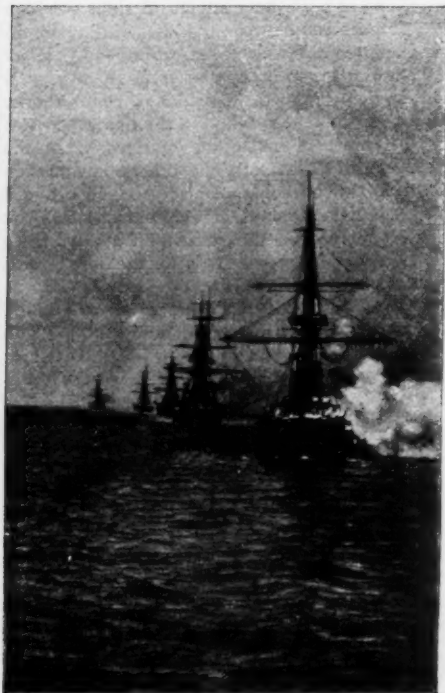


THE CHANNEL SQUADRON, NO. 1.

three deep, which received their cargoes of visitors as fast as they could possibly crowd aboard. The five gigantic Indian troop-ships, with their vast white sides glistening under a bright sun, looked superb. They were all alike, except that each had a stripe of color to distinguish her from her sister ships. The "Euphrates," with the blue stripe, conveyed the Cabinet Ministers and the members of the House of Lords, while the "Crocodile," which had a yellow streak, was assigned to carry the members of the House of Commons. The "Malabar" was allotted to Indian officials, while nine other troop-ships carried general visitors who had been lucky enough to secure tickets in the tremendous rush to obtain these coveted bits of cardboard which had been going on for some weeks. Besides the

the lines, the cheers of the blue-jackets, who are manning the yards aloft, or are ranged around the decks and the turrets of the mastless ships, are taken up by thousands of throats on shore, and passed along from point to point till the applause bids fair to out-thunder the salute still ringing hoarsely in our ears. Having steamed through the space between the squadrons of large ships and the flotillas of coast-defense vessels and small craft, the royal procession extends its tour to the eastward, and it is generally supposed that the sovereign is taking a cup of tea! But after some little delay, the yachts are seen to turn and again approach the fleet. As they enter between the lines of the squadrons of big ships the cheering recommences. Soon the vessels slow down, and, in obedience to a

signal from the Queen, they stop. Then another signal commands the attendance on board the "Victoria and Albert" of all the captains of the ships of the fleet. With them come also the cap-



CHANNEL SQUADRON, NO. 2.

tains of the foreign men-of-war, and a levee is held, at which the Queen addresses a few words to several of the officers. This done, the captains return to their ships, the procession proceeds on its course, and a signal is made to the Commander-in-Chief: "Her Majesty has great satisfaction and pride in the magnificent display made this afternoon by the Navy." Then, when the Queen has left the lines, the salute is repeated and the Review is over.

After the Review numerous small tenders conveyed the visitors from the big ships into the harbor, as the tide was too low to allow the troop-ships to go in.

Soon after eight o'clock the small vessels began to steam out of the harbor and to take up their positions for the last but, perhaps, most attractive part of the day's programme.

When it was dark enough, a signal-gun was fired, and immediately the form of every vessel in the fleet was revealed by a rainbow of lights from

the bowsprit, over the mastheads, and down to the stern. Another row of lamps was placed along the upper deck; the turrets of all the mastless vessels were outlined by colored lamps, which made them look like so many fairy castles, instead of what they really were, massive towers of strength armed with ponderous guns, capable of hurling ruin and death into the ranks of the enemy. Between the masts of the ships there appeared in large letters of electric light the Royal initials, "V. R." Rows of colored fireworks, alternating with bouquets of high-soaring rockets, illuminated the scene. Change after change of color and device awoke the admiration of the thousands afloat and ashore, till at length there flashed from every ship a searching beam from an electric light. These beams lighted up the shores of Gosport and Southsea on one side, and the Isle of Wight on the other. They displayed the buildings, and the crowds of people massed together along the beach and on the house-tops, and for a time converted night into day. After some minutes of play from these electric search-lights, which in warfare would be used to discover the presence of hostile ships probably a tiny torpedo-boat stealthily approaching under the cover of darkness, the beams were directed high into the air, and being turned inward, they met in the clouds between the two lines of ships, and so formed a series of beautiful, pointed arches of light. Words can not express the grandeur of the scene at this moment. Imagine for yourselves two long lines of massive ironclads stretching away till, by perspective, they seem to meet. The forms of their hulls, the graceful tracery of their tapered spars, are outlined in dots of various-colored lights. The waters on which these vessels proudly ride are gently rippled by the cool night-wind, till every dancing wave reflects a thousand tiny rays borrowed from the fairy lamps around, making the whole surface of the sea look like a floor paved with deep-blue turquoise, and densely strewn with diamonds.

Above, the lofty pointed arch of soft white light conceals from view the dark clouds, and dims the stars, which seem to vie with the myriad electric lamps defining the forest of masts and yards on either hand. We can not believe that we are afloat on a real sea and surrounded by the implements of all that is cruellest and most horrible on earth—War. But the steam-whistles, which have been used during the evening to order the changes in the illuminations, now suddenly scream out their final signal.

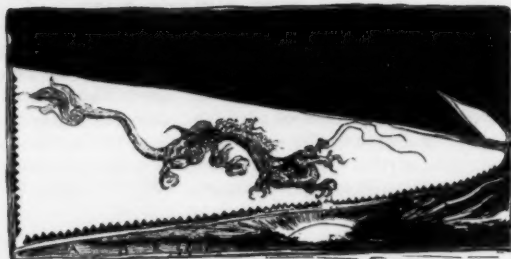
As if a curtain had dropped before our eyes, all becomes suddenly black, the darkness seeming darker by the suddenness of the change. But as our vision becomes accustomed to the dimmer

light, the stars shine out, as if in triumph at having outlasted their transitory rivals.

And now we realize our sudden return to earth. The rattle of the chain as the anchor of our little craft comes up, then the splash of the paddles as they slowly revolve, tell us that we are once more bound for the harbor. We pick our way cautiously

through a shoal of other vessels, great and small, all racing for home now that the great show is over. The monster pageant has required months of time and many thousands of hands in its preparation, but its triumphant success is the best reward to those who have labored so long and so faithfully to achieve it.





GREAT JAPAN: THE SUNRISE KINGDOM.

BY IDA C. HODNETT.

JAPANESE dolls, fans, screens, parasols, tea-cups and tea-pots, and bric-à-brac of various kinds are familiar objects to our girls and boys. Many have seen some of the Japanese themselves, and know that there are several hundreds of their educated class in this country, in business or at school, studying our civilization and sciences; but few young Americans have clear ideas of the present or former condition of this remarkable people.

We, the people of the United States, were the first among nations to knock at Japan's door and ask to be on visiting terms with our far-off neighbor, who for about two hundred and fifty years had lived like a hermit. That knock hastened the Japanese revolution, and this revolution overthrew their double system of government and restored the Mikado to his proper place as the real ruler of the country.

This "land of dainty decoration" is destined to stand high among the world's nations. The strides it has made in civilization since that revolution of twenty years ago remind us of the boy who stole the giant's seven-leagued boots, in the fairy-tale.

Although they are studying us, as well as our sciences, our religion, and our civilization, they have no intention of adopting all our customs. On the contrary, they are examining our ways carefully, in order that they may adopt the good, and reject the bad or whatever is unsuited to their conditions of life.

Here are a few facts about the Japanese which will not be difficult to remember.

Before their revolution of 1868, the people other than the nobility were divided into four ranks:

First: The warrior rank, called Samurai (pronounced *sah-moo-ri*). Second: The farmer rank, called Hyakusho (*hyah-koo-shō*). Third: The

mechanic rank, called Shokunin (*shō-koo-neen*). Fourth: The merchant rank, called Chonin (*chō-neen*).

There were two sets lower than these: the Eta, workers in raw hides; and the Hinin, squatters on waste lands—the lowest class of beggars. Both were outcasts.

The degrees in rank above the main body of the people stood thus:

First: The Mikado, or Emperor, and the royal families. Second: The Kugé (pronounced *koo-gā*), or the court nobles. Third: The Shogun (*shō-goön*) families.¹ Shogun meant the governing man, chief general. Fourth: The Daimio (*dā-myo*) families. Daimio meant masters of provinces, or territorial nobles.

There were many subdivisions of rank among these noble families, but the two great divisions were the court nobility and the sword, or warrior, nobility.

Twenty-one years ago, the Emperor of Japan was a mere figurehead, and his predecessors for more than five hundred years had been little more. They lived in strict seclusion and exercised no ruling power. Only a few nobles of the highest rank had the privilege of beholding the Emperor's face. The Japanese throne has never been bandied about from one dynasty to another. Their history begins twenty-five hundred and forty-nine years ago, before Nebuchadnezzar conquered the Jews. During this time, one hundred and twenty-three sovereigns have sat on the throne, nine of whom have been women; and all have belonged to this one dynasty. It is a nameless dynasty, for it is beyond the need of a family name.

Jimmu, the first Emperor of Japan, was reverently believed to be the great-grandson of Ninigi, the grandson of the sun-goddess, sent by her to rule over the earth. From this belief in the divine origin of the imperial family, arose two of the many titles of the Mikado, namely: "Tenshi" (pro-

nounced *ten-shee*), "the son of heaven," and "Tenno" (pronounced *ten-nō*), "the sovereign from heaven," or "appointed by heaven." Tenno is the title required to be used officially.

The form of government was an absolute monarchy, and the early emperors were the direct executive heads. The empire was divided into gun (*goon*), or provinces, and these subdivided into ken. This was called the gun-ken system, and the whole was under the rule of the Emperor.

There was, from very early times, a Shogun, or general; but at first his power was small. Yoritomo, one of the most celebrated men in Japanese history, obtained great power during a civil war in the twelfth century by restoring order and establishing firm government. He became the most powerful subject in the empire, and the Mikado appointed him Sei Tai Shogun (*say ti sho-goan*) in 1192. This title means "Barbarian-quelling Great General," and it was the greatest honor that could be bestowed on a subject. The whole country was placed under military rule, and this was the beginning of the double system of Japanese government. Gradually, more and more power was concentrated in the Shogun's hands, while only empty dignities and numerous titles were left to the Emperor.

That "son of heaven," however, though often a child, was the source of all rank and dignity; and though the office of Shogun became hereditary in certain families, and though the Shogun lived with the pomp and splendor of a king, he always owed his appointment to the Emperor. The Shogun assumed the protectorship of the Emperor.

This form of government was called the Shogunate.

The office belonged in turn to several families. The last dynasty of shoguns was the Tokugawa (*to-koo-gah-wah*) family. The founder, Tokugawa Iyeyasu (*e-yā-yas-oo*) of the noble Minamoto stock, seized the supreme power in 1603, and held it with a strong hand. His dynasty continued in power until 1868, a period of two hundred and sixty-five years. This was a period of peace in Japan and continued until their late civil war.

The rulers immediately under the Shogun, and owing him military service, were the daimio (*dī-myo*). There were three ranks of daimio; Koku-shiu (*kō-koo-she-oo*), the greater landed-lords; Tozama (*tō-zah-mah*), the smaller landed-lords; and Fudai (*foo-dī*), the generals and captains to whom the Tokugawa family gave land in reward for services.

These lords had many subordinate officers of various degrees in rank, all, however, being samurai, or warriors. Every warrior was attached to some daimio, and therefore was a *kerai* (*kā-rī*),

or vassal. Those who left the service of their lords for any purpose were called ronin (*rō-neen*), or masterless men.

The feudal system had a very minute code of honor, and there grew out of it a most exalted sense of loyalty and devotion. History is full of the stories of men who sacrificed their lives for their lords; but the rule did not work both ways—the lord did not lay down his life for his vassal.

The farmers and other classes in the province of the daimio put themselves under his protection, and paid him tribute. These taxes were enormous, for upon them depended the support of the unproductive class, the two-sworded gentry called Samurai, or warriors. So all revenue came into the hands of the military class, and the Kugé, or court nobles, became very poor in this world's goods, but not poor in spirit. The lowest Kugé was superior in rank to the Shogun.

Besides the Emperor's family there were set apart four families of imperial descent, from whom the Emperor might choose an heir for the throne in case there was no heir in his own family. The throne did not always descend to the eldest son, but the father might choose as heir the son who seemed to him most suitable. The Emperor's daughters sometimes married nobles, and sometimes married into the royal families belonging to the dynasty.

Under this double system of government, the Mikado and the Shogun, the outside world supposed there were two emperors, one a spiritual, the other a temporal emperor. This "temporal Emperor" was merely the Mikado's general. The Mikado, the "son of heaven," lived at Kioto, a city beautifully situated, in a palace much like a temple in outward appearance, but with little of the splendor of a European palace. Magnificence of display might do very well for upstart generals, but was unseemly for the semi-divinity of royalty. The Shogun lived at Yeddo, which was thus the real seat of government.

In 1853, Millard Fillmore, President of the United States, sent Commodore Perry with a large squadron of well-equipped vessels, to convey a letter to the Emperor of Japan asking that a treaty might be made between the two nations. The formidable appearance of the steam-vessels greatly frightened the hermit nation, but compelled a respectful reception of the mission of the "savages." A high official was sent to receive the letter, which was delivered, not to the Emperor, but to the Shogun, who called himself the "Tai Kun" (*Ti-koon*), meaning great prince or ruler. The Mikado never bestowed this title on any one, and the Shogun had not before formally assumed it.

In 1854 the Shogun made a treaty with the

United States, and shortly afterward with England, France, Holland, and Austria. These treaties opened a few ports, and when they were ratified in 1859, these were made ports of trade, as well as ports of entry and supply. But these treaties had not received the sanction of the Mikado, and were not really legal. In making them the Shogunate pretended to be the supreme power in Japan, while it was not. This deceit hastened its downfall. A few Japanese saw the necessity of opening the ports, but by far the greater part were jo-i (*jo-ee*), foreigner-haters. The original meaning of jo-i was "Keep back, savage."

There were many deep students and thinkers among both the kuzé and the daimio families, who longed to see the Mikado again the ruler of the nation. The Americans, English, French, and Dutch were pressing their claims for entrance and trade. The Mikado disapproved of the treaties when they were reported to him, and this excited intense wrath all over the land. The cry arose, "Honor the Mikado, and drive out the barbarian."

Civil war broke out, followed by ruin and desolation. The war cry was, Daigi meibun (*Di-gee mā-boon*), meaning, "The King and the subject." Finally, on November 9, 1867, Tokugawa Keiki formally resigned the office of Sei Tai Shogun. The Mikado, Komei (*Komay*), died about the same time, and his son, Mutsuhito (*Moot-soo-hi-to*), a boy of seventeen, was thereupon declared sole sovereign.

The office of Shogun was abolished, and a provisional government was formed on the 3d of January, 1868. The government intended to expel the foreigners, but knew it was then not strong enough. So they waited in order that they might gain strength.

Now the followers of the Tokugawa families had seen that it was the best thing for Japan to introduce foreign civilization. They being out of power, it seemed that Japan would relapse into strict seclusion, and again lead the life of a hermit-crab. But Mr. W. E. Griffis, one of the professors of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan, from 1872 to 1874, says the noblest trait in the Japanese character is willingness to change, when convinced of error or inferiority. The samurai leaders of the restoration induced the imperial court to invite the foreign ministers to an audience. A personal meeting helped to make the court nobles see things more clearly. They had thought all foreigners beasts. They found them honorable men, and with noble humility acknowledged their error and made friends.

Peace did not come all at once. There had been many murders of foreigners, of Americans, Englishmen, and men of other nationalities, by fanatical assassins, and danger lurked in secret places. But in justice it should be said that these murders were often provoked by insolence on the part of the foreigners. Nevertheless, the path to modern civilization had been opened, and in that path the devoted Japanese leaders have steadily led their people.

The young Mikado, Mutsuhito, the 123d Emperor of the nameless dynasty, was the first of his line to take oath as a ruler.

On the 12th of April, 1868, he made oath before gods and men that "a deliberative assembly should be formed; all measures should be decided by public opinion; . . . and that intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world, in order to establish the foundations of the empire."

This oath was reaffirmed October 12, 1881, and the year 1890 is fixed as the time for limiting the imperial prerogative, forming two houses of parliament, and transforming the government into a constitutional monarchy.

The Emperor's capital was changed from Kioto to Yeddo, which was re-named, and called Tokio. Feudalism, or the holding of fiefs by the daimio, came to an end in 1871, by imperial edict, and the whole of great Japan was again directly under the Mikado's rule.

The titles of kugé and daimio were also abolished, both being re-named simply Kuasoku (*Koo-as-o-koo*), or noble families. The distinctions between the lower orders of people were scattered to the winds, and even the despised outcasts were made citizens, protected by law.

The degrees in rank among the Japanese are now as follows:

- First. The Emperor and the royal families.
- Second. The Kuasoku, the noble families.
- Third. The Shizoku (*Shree-zō-koo*), the gentry.
- Fourth. The Heimin (*Hā-meen*), the citizens in general.

The results of the Japanese Revolution may be summed up thus:

- First. The restoration of the Mikado as ruler, and ending of the Shogunate.
- Second. The opening of the entire country to foreigners.
- Third. The gradual abolition of rank in the main body of the people, giving all equal rights under the law.

Old Japan has gone! Long live the New!

ANN MARY—HER TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"GRANDMA."

"What is it, child?"

"You goin' to put that cup-cake into the pan to bake it now, Grandma?"

"Yes; I guess so. It's beat 'bout enough."

"You ain't put in a mite of nutmeg, Grandma."

The grandmother turned around to Ann Mary. "Don't you be quite so anxious," said she with sarcastic emphasis. "I allers put the nutmeg in cup-cake the very last thing. I ruther guess I should n't have put this cake into the oven without nutmeg!"

The old woman beat fiercely on the cake. She used her hand instead of a spoon, and she held the yellow mixing-bowl poised on her hip under her arm. She was stout and rosy-faced. She had crinkly white hair, and she always wore a string of gold beads around her creasy neck. She never took off the gold beads except to put them under her pillow at night, she was so afraid of their being stolen. Old Mrs. Little had always been nervous about thieves, although none had ever troubled her.

"You may go into the pantry, an' bring out the nutmeg now, Ann Mary," said she presently, with dignity.

Ann Mary soberly slipped down from her chair and went. She realized that she had made a mistake. It was quite an understood thing for Ann Mary to have an eye upon her grandmother while she was cooking, to be sure that she put in everything that she should, and nothing that she should not, for the old woman was absent-minded. But it had to be managed with great delicacy, and the corrections had to be quite irrefutable, or Ann Mary was reprimanded for her pains.

When Ann Mary had deposited the nutmeg-box and the grater at her grandmother's elbow, she took up her station again. She sat at a corner of the table in one of the high kitchen-chairs. Her feet could not touch the floor, and they dangled uneasily in their stout leather shoes, but she never rested them on the chair round, nor even swung them by way of solace. Ann Mary's grandmother did not like to have her chair rounds all marked up by shoes, and swinging feet disturbed her while she was cooking. Ann Mary sat up, grave and straight. She was a delicate, slender little girl, but she never stooped. She had an odd resem-

blance to her grandmother; a resemblance more of manner than of feature. She held back her narrow shoulders in the same determined way in which the old woman held her broad ones; she walked as she did, and spoke as she did.

Mrs. Little was very proud of Ann Mary Evans; Ann Mary was her only daughter's child, and had lived with her grandmother ever since she was a baby. The child could not remember either her father or mother, she was so little when they died.

Ann Mary was delicate, so she did not go to the village to the public school. Miss Loretta Adams, a young lady who lived in the neighborhood, gave her lessons. Loretta had graduated in a beautiful white muslin dress at the high-school over in the village, and Ann Mary had a great respect and admiration for her. Loretta had a parlor-organ and could play on it, and she was going to give Ann Mary lessons after Thanksgiving. Just now there was a vacation. Loretta had gone to Boston to spend two weeks with her cousin.

Ann Mary was all in brown, a brown calico dress and a brown calico, long-sleeved apron; and her brown hair was braided in two tight little tails that were tied with some old brown bonnet-strings of Mrs. Little's, and flared out stiffly behind the ears. Once, when Ann Mary was at her house, Loretta Adams had taken it upon herself to comb out the tight braids and set the hair flowing in a fluffy mass over the shoulders; but when Ann Mary came home her grandmother was properly indignant. She seized her and re-braided the tails with stout and painful jerks. "I ain't goin' to have Loretty Adams meddlin' with your hair," said she, "an' she can jest understand it. If she wants to have her own hair all in a frowze, an' look like a wild Injun, she can; you sha' n't!"

And Ann Mary, standing before her grandmother with head meekly bent and watery eyes, decided that she would have to tell Loretta that she must n't touch the braids, if she proposed it again.

That morning, while Mrs. Little was making the pies and the cake and the pudding, Ann Mary was sitting idle, for her part of the Thanksgiving cooking was done. She had worked so fast, the day before and early that morning, that she had the raisins all picked over and seeded, and the apples pared and sliced; and that was about all that her

grandmother thought she could do. Ann Mary herself was of a different opinion; she was twelve years old, if she *was* small for her age, and she considered herself quite capable of making pies and cup-cake.

However, it was something to sit there at the table and have that covert sense of superintending her grandmother; and to be reasonably sure that some of the food would have a strange flavor were it not for her vigilance.

Mrs. Little's mince-pies had all been baked the Saturday before; to-day, as she said, she was "making apple and squash." While the apple-pies were in progress, Ann Mary watched her narrowly. Her small folded hands twitched and her little neck seemed to elongate above her apron; but she waited until her grandmother took up an upper crust, and was just about to lay it over a pie. Then she spoke up suddenly. Her voice had a timid yet assertive chirp like a bird's.

"Grandma!"

"Well, what is it, child?"

"You goin' to put that crust on that pie now, Grandma?"

Mrs. Little stood uneasily reflective. She eyed the pie sharply. "Yes, I be. Why?" she returned in a doubtful yet defiant manner.

"You have n't put one bit of sugar in."

"For the land sakes!" Mrs. Little did not take correction of this kind happily, but when she was made to fairly acknowledge the need of it, she showed no resentment. She laid the upper crust back on the board and sweetened the pie. Ann Mary watched her gravely, but she was inwardly complacent. After she had rescued the pudding from being baked without the plums, and it was nearly dinner-time, her grandfather came home. He had been over to the village to buy the Thanksgiving turkey. Ann Mary looked out with delight when he drove past the windows on his way to the barn.

"Grandpa's got home," said she.

It was snowing quite hard, and she saw the old man and the steadily tramping white horse and the tilting wagon through a thick mist of falling snowflakes.

Before Mr. Little came into the kitchen, his wife warned him to be sure to wipe all the snow from his feet, and not to track in any, so he stamped vigorously out in the shed. Then he entered with an air of pride. "There!" said he, "what do ye think of that for a turkey?" Mr. Little was generally slow and gentle in his ways, but to-day he was quite excited over the turkey. He held it up with considerable difficulty. He was a small old man, and the cords on his lean hands knotted. "It weighs a good fifteen pound," said he, "an'

there was n't a better one in the store. Adkins did n't have a very big lot on hand."

"I should think that was queer, the day before Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Little. She was examining the turkey critically. "I guess it'll do," she declared finally. That was her highest expression of approbation. "Well, I rayther thought you'd think so," rejoined the old man, beaming. "I guess it's about as good a one as can be got,—they said 't was, down there. Sam White he was in there, and he said 't was; he said I was goin' to get it in pretty good season for Thanksgiving, he thought."

"I don't think it's such very extra season, the day before Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Little.

"Well, I don't think 't was, nuther. I did n't see jest what Sam meant by it."

Ann Mary was dumb with admiration. When the turkey was laid on the broad shelf in the pantry, she went and gazed upon it. In the afternoon there was great enjoyment seeing it stuffed and made ready for the oven. Indeed, this day was throughout one of great enjoyment, being full of the very aroma of festivity and good cheer and gala times, and even sweeter than the occasion which it preceded. Ann Mary had only one damper all day, and that was the non-arrival of a letter. Mrs. Little had invited her son and his family to spend Thanksgiving, but now they probably were not coming, since not a word in reply had been received. When Mr. Little said there was no letter in the post-office, Ann Mary's face fell. "Oh, dear," said she, "don't you suppose Lucy will come, Grandma?"

"No," replied her grandmother, "I don't. Edward never did such a thing as not to send me word when he was comin', in his life, nor Maria neither. I ain't no idee they'll come."

"Oh, dear!" said Ann Mary again.

"Well, you'll have to make up your mind to it," returned her grandmother; she was sore over her own disappointment, and so was irascible toward Ann Mary's. "It's no worse for you than for the rest of us. I guess you can keep one Thanksgiving without Lucy."

For a while it almost seemed to Ann Mary that she could not. Lucy was her only cousin. She loved Lucy dearly, and she was lonesome for another little girl; nobody knew how she had counted upon seeing her cousin. Ann Mary herself had a forlorn hope that Lucy still might come, even if Uncle Edward *was* always so particular about sending word and no word had been received. On Thanksgiving morning she kept running to the window, and looking down the road. But when the stage from the village came, it passed right by the house without slackening its speed.

Then there was no hope left at all.

"You might jest as well be easy," said her grandmother. "I guess you can have a good Thanksgivin' if Lucy *ain't* here. This evenin' you can ask Loretty to come over a little while, if you want to, an' you can make some nut-candy."

"Loretta ain't at home."

"She 'll come home for Thanksgivin', I guess. It ain't very likely she's stayed away over that. When I get the dinner ready to take up, you can carry a plateful down to Sarah Bean's, an' that 'll be somethin' for you to do, too. I guess you can manage."

Thanksgiving day was a very pleasant day, although there was considerable snow on the ground, for it had snowed 'all the day before. Mr. Little and Ann Mary did not go to church as usual, on that account.

The old man did not like to drive to the village before the roads were beaten out. Mrs. Little lamented not a little over it. It was the custom for her husband and granddaughter to attend church Thanksgiving morning, while she stayed at home and cooked the dinner. "It does seem dreadful heathenish for nobody to go to meetin' Thanksgivin' day," said she; "an' we ain't even heard the proclamation read, neither. It rained so hard last Sabbath that we could n't go."

The season was unusually wintry and severe, and lately the family had been prevented from church-going. It was two Sundays since any of the family had gone. The village was three miles away, and the road was rough. Mr. Little was too old to drive over it in very bad weather.

When Ann Mary went to carry the plate of Thanksgiving dinner to Sarah Bean, she wore a pair of her grandfather's blue woolen socks drawn over her shoes to keep out the snow. The snow was rather deep for easy walking, but she did not

mind that. She carried the dinner with great care; there was a large plate well filled, and a tin dish was turned over it to keep it warm. Sarah Bean was an old woman who lived alone. Her house was about a quarter of a mile from the Littles'.



MR. LITTLE SELECTS THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

When Ann Mary reached the house, she found the old woman making a cup of tea. There did not seem to be much of anything but tea and bread and butter for her dinner. She was very deaf and infirm, all her joints shook when she tried to use them, and her voice quavered when she talked. She took the plate, and her hands trembled so that the tin dish played on the plate like a clapper. "Why," said she, overjoyed,

"this looks just like Thanksgiving day, tell your Grandma!"

"Why, it is Thanksgiving day," declared Ann Mary, with some wonder.

"What?" asked Sarah Bean.

"It is Thanksgiving day, you know." But it was of no use, the old woman could not hear a word. Ann Mary's voice was too low.

Ann Mary could not walk very fast on account of the snow. She was absent some three-quarters of an hour; her grandmother had told her that dinner would be all on the table when she returned. She was enjoying the nice things in anticipation all the way; when she came near the house, she could smell roasted turkey, and there was also a sweet spicy odor in the air.

She noticed with surprise that a sleigh had been in the yard. "I wonder who's come," she said to herself. She thought of Lucy, and whether they could have driven over from the village. She ran in. "Why, who's come?" she cried out.

Her voice sounded like a shout in her own ears; it seemed to awaken echoes. She fairly startled herself, for there was no one in the room. There was absolute quiet through all the house. There was even no sizzling from the kettles on the stove, for everything had been dished up. The vegetables, all salted and peppered and buttered, were on the table—but the turkey was not there. In the great vacant place where the turkey should have been was a piece of white paper. Ann Mary spied it in a moment. She caught it up and looked at it. It was a note from her grandmother:

We have had word that Aunt Betsey has had a bad turn. Lizz wants us to come. The dinner is all ready for you. If we ain't home to-night, you can get Loretty to stay with you. Be a good girl.
GRANDMA.

Ann Mary read the note and stood reflecting, her mouth drooping at the corners. Aunt Betsey was Mrs. Little's sister; Lizz was her daughter who lived with her and took care of her. They lived in Derby, and Derby was fourteen miles away. It seemed a long distance to Ann Mary, and she felt sure that her grandparents could not come home that night. She looked around the empty room, and sighed. After a while she sat down and pulled off the snowy socks; she thought she might as well eat her dinner, although she did not feel so hungry as she had expected. Everything was on the table but the turkey and plum-pudding. Ann Mary supposed these were in the oven keeping warm; the door was ajar. But, when she looked, they were not there. She went into the pantry; they were not there either. It was very strange; there was the dripping-pan in which the turkey had been baked, on the back of the stove,

with some gravy in it; and there was the empty pudding-dish on the hearth.

"What has Grandma done with the turkey and the plum-pudding?" said Ann Mary aloud.

She looked again in the pantry; then she went down cellar—there seemed to be so few places in the house in which it was reasonable to search for a turkey and a plum-pudding!

Finally she gave it up, and sat down to dinner. There was plenty of squash, and potatoes, and turnips, and onions, and beets, and cranberry-sauce, and pies; but it was no Thanksgiving dinner without turkey and plum-pudding. It was like a great flourish of accompaniment without any song.

Ann Mary did as well as she could; she put some turkey-gravy on her potato and filled up her plate with vegetables; but she did not enjoy the dinner. She felt more and more lonely, too. She resolved that after she had washed up the dinner dishes, and changed her dress, she would go over to Loretta Adams's. It was quite a piece of work, washing the dinner dishes, there were so many pans and kettles; it was the middle of the afternoon when she finished. Then Ann Mary put on her best plaid dress, and tied her best red ribbons on her braids, and it was four o'clock before she started for Loretta's.

Loretta lived in a white cottage about half a mile away toward the village. The front yard had many bushes in it, and the front path was bordered with box; the bushes were now mounds of snow, and the box was indicated by two snowy ridges.

The house had a shut-up look; the sitting-room curtains were down. Ann Mary went around to the side door; but it was locked. Then she went up the front walk between the snowy ridges of box, and tried the front door; that also was locked. The Adamses had gone away. Ann Mary did not know what to do. The tears stood in her eyes, and she choked a little. She went back and forth between the two doors, and shook and pounded; she peeked around the corner of the curtain into the sitting-room. She could see Loretta's organ, with the music book, and all the familiar furniture, but the room wore an utterly deserted air.

Finally, Ann Mary sat down on the front doorstep, after she had brushed off the snow a little. She had made up her mind to wait a little while, and see if the folks would not come home. She had on her red hood, and her grandmother's old plaid shawl. She pulled the shawl tightly around her, and muffled her face in it; it was extremely cold weather for sitting on a doorstep. Just across the road was a low clump of birches; through and above the birches the sky showed red and clear where the sun was setting. Everything

looked cold and bare and desolate to the little girl who was trying to keep Thanksgiving. Suddenly she heard a little cry, and Loretta's white cat came around the corner of the house.

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," called Ann Mary. She was very fond of Loretta's cat; she had none of her own.

The cat came close and brushed around Ann

was afraid to go in. She made up her mind to go down to Sarah Bean's and ask whether she could not stay all night there.

So she kept on, and Loretta's white cat still followed her. There was no light in Sarah Bean's house. Ann Mary knocked and pounded, but it was of no use; the old woman had gone to bed, and she could not make her hear.



"WHEN ANN MARY REACHED THE HOUSE, SHE FOUND THE OLD WOMAN MAKING A CUP OF TEA."

Mary. So she took it up in her lap, and wrapped the shawl around it, and felt a little comforted.

She sat there on the doorstep and held the cat, until it was quite dusky, and she was very stiff with the cold. Then she put down the cat, and prepared to go home. But she had not gone far along the road when she found out that the cat was following her. The little white creature floundered through the snow at her heels, and mewed constantly. Sometimes it darted ahead and waited until she came up, but it did not seem willing to be carried in her arms.

When Ann Mary reached her own house the lonesome look of it sent a chill all over her; she

Ann Mary turned about and went home; the tears were running down her cold red cheeks. The cat mewed louder than ever. When she got home she took the cat up and carried it into the house. She determined to keep it for company, anyway. She was sure, now, that she would have to stay alone all night; the Adamses and Sarah Bean were the only neighbors, and it was so late now that she had no hope of her grandparents' return. Ann Mary was timid and nervous, but she had a vein of philosophy, and she generally grasped the situation with all the strength she had, when she became convinced that she must. She had laid her plans while walking home through the keen winter

air, even as the tears were streaming over her cheeks, and she proceeded to carry them into execution. She gave Loretta's cat its supper, and she ate a piece of mince-pie herself; then she fixed the kitchen and the sitting-room fires, and locked up the house very thoroughly. Next, she took the cat and the lamp and went into the dark-bedroom, and locked the door; then she and the cat were as safe as she knew how to make them. The dark-bedroom was in the very middle of the house, the center of a nest of rooms. It was small and square, had no windows, and only one door. It was a sort of fastness. Ann Mary made up her mind that she would not undress herself, and that she would keep the lamp burning all night. She climbed into the big yellow-posted bedstead, and the cat cuddled up to her and purred.

Ann Mary lay in bed and stared at the white satin scrolls on the wall-paper, and listened for noises. She heard a great many, but they were all mysterious and indefinable, till about ten o'clock. Then she sat straight up in bed and her heart beat fast. She certainly heard sleigh-bells; the sound penetrated even to the dark-bedroom. Then came a jarring pounding on the side door. Ann Mary got up, unfastened the bedroom door, took the lamp, and stepped out into the sitting-room. The pounding came again. "Ann Mary, Ann Mary!" cried a voice. It was her grandmother's.

"I'm comin', I'm comin', Grandma!" shouted Ann Mary. She had never felt so happy in her life. She pushed back the bolt of the side door with trembling haste. There stood her grandmother all muffled up, with a shawl over her head; and out in the yard were her grandfather and another man, and a horse and sleigh. The men were turning the sleigh around.

"Put the lamp in the window, Ann Mary," called Mr. Little, and Ann Mary obeyed. Her grandmother sank into a chair. "I'm jest about tuckered out," she groaned. "If I don't ketch my death with this day's work, I'm lucky. There ain't any more feelin' in my feet than as if they was lumps of stone."

Ann Mary stood at her grandmother's elbow, and her face was all beaming. "I thought you were n't coming," said she.

"Well, I should n't have come a step to-night, if it had n't been for you—and the cow," said her grandmother in an indignant voice. "I was kind of uneasy about you, an' we knew the cow would n't be milked unless you got Mr. Adams to come over."

"Was Aunt Betsey very sick?" inquired Ann Mary.

Her grandmother gave her head a toss. "Sick! No, there wa'n't a thing the matter with her, ex-

cept she ate some sassage-meat, an' had a little faint turn. Lizz was scart to death, the way she always is. She did n't act as if she knew whether her head was on, all the time we were there. She did n't act as if she knew 't was Thanksgivin' day; an' she did n't have no turkey that I could see. Aunt Betsey bein' took sick seemed to put everythin' out of her head. I never saw such a nervous thing as she is. I was all out of patience when I got there. Betsey did n't seem to be very bad off, an' there we'd hurried enough to break our necks. We did n't dare to drive around to Sarah Bean's to let you know about it, for we was afraid we'd miss the train. We jest got in with the man that brought the word, an' he driv as fast as he could over to the village, an' then we lost the train, an' had to sit there in the depot two mortal hours. An' now we've come fourteen mile' in an open sleigh. The man that lives next door to Betsey said he'd bring us home, an' I thought we'd better come. He's goin' over to the village to-night; he's got folks there. I told him he'd a good deal better stay here, but he won't. He's as deaf as an adder, an' you can't make him hear anythin', anyway. We ain't spoke a word all the way home. Where's Loretty? She came over to stay with you, did n't she?"

Ann Mary explained that Loretta was not at home.

"That 's queer, seems to me, Thanksgivin' day," said her grandmother. "Massy sakes, what cat's that? She came out of the settin'-room!"

Ann Mary explained about Loretta's cat. Then she burst forth with the question that had been uppermost in her mind ever since her grandmother came in. "Grandma," said she, "what did you do with the turkey and the plum-pudding?"

"What?"

"What did you do with the turkey and the plum-pudding?"

"The turkey an' the plum-puddin'?"

"Yes; I could n't find 'em anywhere."

Mrs. Little, who had removed her wraps, and was crouching over the kitchen-stove, with her feet in the oven, looked at Ann Mary with a dazed expression.

"I dunno what you mean, child," said she.

Mr. Little had helped the man with the sleigh to start, and had now come in. He was pulling off his boots.

"Don't you remember, Mother," said he, "how you run back in the house, an' said you was goin' to set that turkey an' plum-pudding away, for you was afraid to leave 'em settin' right out in plain sight on the table, for fear that somebody might come in?"

"Yes; I do remember," said Mrs. Little. "I thought they looked 'most too temptin'. I set 'em

in the pantry. I thought Ann Mary could get 'em when she came in."

"They ain't in the pantry," said Ann Mary.

Her grandmother arose and went into the pantry with a masterful air. "Ain't in the pantry?" she

out of the pantry with dignity. "I've set 'em somewhere," said she in a curt voice, "an' I 'll find 'em in the mornin'. You don't want any turkey or plum-puddin' to-night, neither of you!"

But Mrs. Little did not find the turkey and the



"THEY ALL STOOD IN THE PANTRY AND LOOKED ABOUT."

repeated. "I don't s'pose you more 'n gave one look."

Ann Mary followed her grandmother. She fairly expected to see the turkey and the pudding before her eyes on the shelf and to admit that she had been mistaken. Mr. Little also followed, and they all stood in the pantry and looked about.

"I guess they ain't here, Mother," said Mr. Little. "Can't you think where you set 'em?"

The old woman took up the lamp and stepped

plum-pudding in the morning. Some days went by, and their whereabouts was as much a mystery as ever. Mrs. Little could not remember where she had put them; but it had been in some secure hiding-place, since her own wit which had placed them there could not find it out. She was so mortified and worried over it, that she was nearly ill. She tried to propound the theory, and believe in it herself, that she had really set the turkey and the pudding in the pantry, and that they had been

stolen; but she was too honest. "I've heerd of folks puttin' things in such safe places that they could n't find 'em, before now," said she; "but I never heerd of losin' a turkey an' a plum-puddin' that way. I dunno but I'm losin' what little wits I ever did have." She went about with a humble and resentful air. She promised Ann Mary that she would cook another turkey and pudding the first of the week, if the missing ones were not found.

Sunday came and they were not discovered. It was a pleasant day, and the Littles went to the village to church. Ann Mary looked over across the church after they were seated and saw Loretta, with the pretty brown frizzes over her forehead, sitting between her father and mother, and she wondered when Loretta had come home.

The choir sang and the minister prayed. Suddenly Ann Mary saw him, standing there in the pulpit, unfold a paper. Then the minister began to read the *Thanksgiving Proclamation*. Ann Mary cast one scared glance at her grandmother, who returned it with one of inexpressible dignity and severity.

As soon as Meeting was done, her grandmother clutched her by the arm. "Don't you say a word about it to anybody," she whispered. "You mind!"

When they were in the sleigh going home, she charged her husband. "You mind, you keep still, Father," said she. "It'll be town-talk if you don't."

The old man chuckled. "Don't you know, I said once that I hed kind of an idee that Thanksgivin' were n't quite so early, and you shut me up, Mother," he remarked. He looked good-naturedly malicious.

"Well, I dunno as it's anything so very queer," said Mrs. Little. "It comes a whole week later than it did last year, and I s'posed we'd missed hearin' the proclamation."

The next day a letter arrived saying that Lucy and her father and mother were coming to spend Thanksgiving. "I feel jest about beat," Mrs. Little said when she read the letter.

Really, she did feel about at her wit's end. The turkey and pudding were not yet found, and she had made up her mind that she would not dare wait much longer before providing more. She knew that another turkey must be procured, at all events. However, she waited until the last minute Wednesday afternoon, then she went to work mixing a pudding. Mr. Little had gone to the store for the turkey. "Sam White was over there, an'

he said he thought we was goin' right into turkeys this year," he reported when he got home.

That night the guests arrived. Thanksgiving morning, Lucy, and Ann Mary, and their grandfather, and Lucy's father and mother, were all going to Meeting. Mrs. Little was to stay at home and cook the dinner.

Thanksgiving morning, Mr. Little made a fire in the best-parlor air-tight stove, and just before they started for meeting, Lucy and Ann Mary were in the room. Lucy, in the big rocking-chair that was opposite the sofa, was rocking to and fro and talking. Ann Mary sat near the window. Each of the little girls had on her coat and hat.

Suddenly Lucy stopped rocking and looked intently over toward the sofa.

"What you lookin' at, Lucy?" asked Ann Mary, curiously.

Lucy still looked. "Why—I was wondering what was under that sofa," said she slowly. Then she turned to Ann Mary, and her face was quite pale and startled—she had heard the turkey and pudding story. "Oh, Ann Mary, it does look—like—oh—"

Both little girls rushed to the sofa, and threw themselves on the floor. "Oh, oh, oh!" they shrieked. "Grandma—Mother! Come quick, come quick!"

When the others came in, there sat Ann Mary and Lucy on the floor, and between them were the turkey and the plum-pudding, each carefully covered with a snow-white napkin.

Mrs. Little was quite pale and trembling. "I remember now," said she faintly, "I run in here with 'em."

She was so overcome that the others tried to take it quietly and not to laugh much. But every little while, after Lucy and Ann Mary were seated in church, they would look at each other and have to put their handkerchiefs to their faces. However, Ann Mary tried hard to listen to the sermon, and to behave well. In the depths of her childish heart she felt grateful and happy. There, by her side, sat her dear Lucy, whose sweet little face peeped out from a furry winter hat. Just across the aisle was Loretta, who was coming in the evening, and then they would pop corn and make nut-candy. At home there was the beautiful new turkey and unlimited pudding and good cheer, and all disappointment and mystery were done away with.

Ann Mary felt as if all her troubles would be followed by thanksgivings.



"SUCH A COMICAL WORLD!"

WOOD-CARVING.

BY JOHN TODD HILL.



ALREADY hundreds of young Americans have taken up wood-carving as a pleasure and recreation, and hundreds more intend to practice the art. Some hints from a fellow-worker as to methods of work and uses of tools may therefore be of service to them. There is no art in which a little talent counts for so

much. Within certain limits it is the easiest of the arts. You must draw and paint for years, before you can attain excellence. But you may begin carving a chest, or chair, or book-case, with your first lesson, and finish it so well that it will be a valuable piece of furniture a hundred years hence.

Some of you may have seen the state bed at Had-don Hall, in England, in which Queen Elizabeth once slept. Its hangings were perhaps the best

specimens of English embroidery of that period, but now the beautiful colors have faded into one dull hue. The result of years of skillful labor is valueless, save for its associations. But the carved oak paneling in the adjoining ball-room is today as fresh as when it was finished, and time has added only a richness to its coloring.

The Bishop's Palace at Durham is stripped of its former luxury, and its walls are bare save for a few fragments of faded tapestry. But the magnificent staircase, with its great, carved balustrade, is unchanged and helps us to realize what the palace may have been when bishops lived there, and "held court like kings." The carving is not finely executed, and on close examination suggests rather the ax than the gouge. But the design is bold and striking, and the effect admirable.

When I was a little boy, I remember hearing one amateur wood-turner say to another:

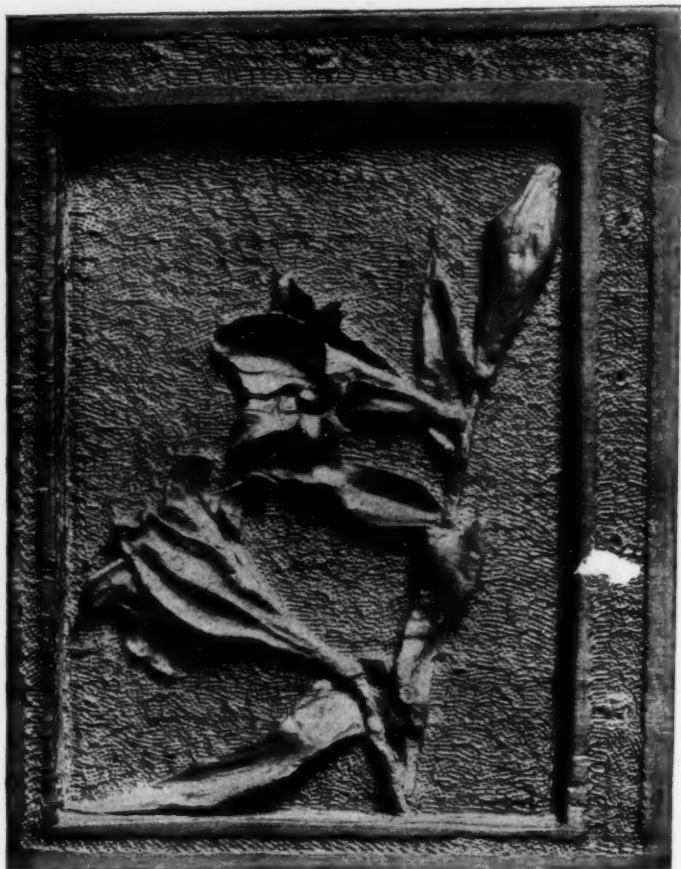
"The secret of all good workmanship is to have sharp tools."

I was so young that I thought I had surprised a professional confidence,—one of the hidden mysteries of the craft. But though an open secret, it is none the less important. To know when your tools are dull and to keep them sharp is your first duty. When you have accomplished that, half your task is done.

You should have a *soft* oil-stone, a "slip" for the inside of the gouges and V tools, and a leather strop. Have the tools carefully ground, "long bevel," by an experienced man, and after that, unless some accident occurs, you yourself can keep them in order for a year or more. Never use a tool without first ascertaining that it is free from nicks. By and by, you will learn to make it literally as sharp as a razor. You will have much less sharpening to do if you are careful not to let

one tool hit against another when taking them from the bench or replacing them; for they are so highly tempered that they will be chipped by the slightest knock.

The necessary tools are chisels, gouges (see p. 47), and parting-tools; and they are made in such forms and sizes as may be required by the value



PANEL DESIGNED AND CARVED BY C. MALCOLM FRASER.

or nature of the work undertaken. "Addis" tools are the best, and are sold by most large dealers. By all means avoid "sets" of tools put up in boxes of six and twelve, and labeled "For Amateur Wood-carvers."

The cost of the tools you will need, together with the oil-stones and a mallet (which should be shaped like a potato-masher), is little more than four dollars.

In so short an article as this must be, only a few

hints can be given. In beginning, select a large and bold design. Let us suppose that you are about to carve a chest. Take some simple design and enlarge it so that it will cover the whole of an end panel. You will thus have room enough to work freely, and there will be less danger of breaking the wood. Besides these advantages, you are likely to obtain a more effective result. In the choice of his design, the beginner should freely avail himself of the best things he can find, as original designing requires much experience and practice.

When carving is to be on furniture, or used simply as a decorative feature, avoid realistic and choose conventional forms. A natural spray of wild roses on a bureau drawer, or a fragment of a blossoming apple-bough over a mirror, is as much out of place as it would be if carved on the façade of a building. The smallest piece of furniture should be in accordance with architectural principle, and the decoration should harmonize with the whole design, and not throw it into confusion.

If you carve a molding, your object is not only to beautify that particular molding, but to emphasize the line which the molding makes. If a beading be carved on a corner, it helps to soften the sharpness of the angles. A pilaster may be carved and adorned without interfering with its office of a support. But can a twisted bunch of ferns support a heavy burden, and should it be made to seem to do so? If a conventional, vine-like pattern run around a panel, it may form a beautiful border, and seem to frame the carving in the center; but a bunch of plants, growing from nowhere and spreading over the panel, will always give an unbalanced and unpleasant effect. In the same way a panel of flying swallows, covering the back of a settle, is misplaced. We don't wish to lean back against flying birds. On a chimney-piece they would seem well placed.

If, therefore, you wish to make a piece of furniture, see that its design is fitting and agreeable. Then your carving will add to it, and appear to good advantage. In the numberless variety of publications on the subject of furniture and deco-

ration, there will be no difficulty in finding useful suggestions.

For carving, it sometimes will be easier to draw your design on paper and paste it on the wood, than to draw on the wood itself. If the pattern is to be in relief, do not cut too close to the design in taking out the background, but allow yourself a little margin, and trim off the edges after you have reached the necessary depth. As a rule, beginners cut too deeply, seeming to think that the higher the relief the better will be the carving. Go over the whole piece once and take out a moderate depth. Then, if need be, go over it a second or third time. In taking out the background you will find the chisel, not the gouge, the best tool for cutting straight down. When you have removed most of the wood, the gouge will complete the work by trimming off the edges. Always select one that just fits the required curves. Thus you will work faster, and avoid breaking the wood. When the background is taken out, roughly model the design, going over the whole, so as to get the general effect. Then see whether the work promises to look as you wish, remembering that unless it is well modeled as a whole, no amount of "finishing" will make it satisfactory. It will be a help to set up your work from time to time, and to look at it from a distance. In finishing, turn the piece (or the bench it is on) as you work, so the light shall strike first on one side and then on the other, that no ragged edges or splinters may escape your notice.

No great exertion, and no great amount of strength, are necessary; for if the tools are sharp they will cut easily, and if you take off thin shavings the work will go on smoothly and rapidly. A long clean cut, running in the direction of the main line, should be used for drapery, acanthus leaves, and a hundred other such things. This is made, not by cutting in deeply at once, but by taking off a little at a time, and by often repeating the cut.

Strength not being needed, women have had no little success in wood-carving, having done much work that will bear the test of severe criticism.



CARVED PANEL — SWAMP-ROSE.
(BY A STUDENT OF THE CINCINNATI
ART-SCHOOL.)



CARVED PANEL — HAWTHORN.
(BY A STUDENT OF THE CINCINNATI
ART-SCHOOL.)

Some of my own pupils, in spite of their small hands, have made me proud of their beautiful productions. As an example of woman's work and of a good reproduction in wood, a copy of a portrait carved by Miss Eggleston, after a relief by Mr. St. Gaudens, is given below.

For example, the drapery on a figure may be carved with all the tool-cuts running with the various folds, so that the figure will seem almost to move underneath the drapery, but if the drapery were filed or sandpapered smooth it would look as solid as a piece of pig-iron.



PORTRAIT OF DR. J. G. HOLLAND. PANEL FOR CENTER OF MANTEL. CARVED BY MISS ALLEGRA EGGLESTON.

Wood-carving has remained the most backward and neglected of the arts, because it was left so long in the hands of unthinking men, who were content to do the same things generation after generation, continually lessening the number of designs used, and losing the spirit in those carved, till their work became lifeless. Even the execution grew void of all individuality. One man's carving was exactly like another's. All Italian work looks alike. All German work looks alike. Much Italian carving is, indeed, exquisite in finish, but it too often reminds one of the sugar and paper decorations on wedding-cake. The acanthus leaf has done duty on everything. Then, to conceal poor workmanship, files and sandpaper have scoured it down till the carving appears as hard and stiff as if cast in iron. All wood-carving should be cut out clean, leaving the tool-marks. In this way you get variety of surface, and your work will look fresh and free.

Wood-carving was once a great art, and men of genius and imagination devoted their lives to it. Their thoughts were beautiful, their labor was conscientious, and the freshness and charm of their work are to-day as wonderful as ever. If we are to have such work again, we, too, must have ideas and give our best skill to our work.

At the very outset, put into your work as much thought as possible. Then, as you increase in skill, your ideas will grow in value. Avoid decoration that looks as if it were meant simply to fill so much space, and strive to have all ornament harmonize in idea with the thing it is intended to beautify. For instance, a panel in a sideboard would be appropriately decorated if surrounded by a simple border of conventional holly, the center space being occupied by a boar's head on a platter. Do you think a jar of sunflowers or a cherub's head would seem as fitting?

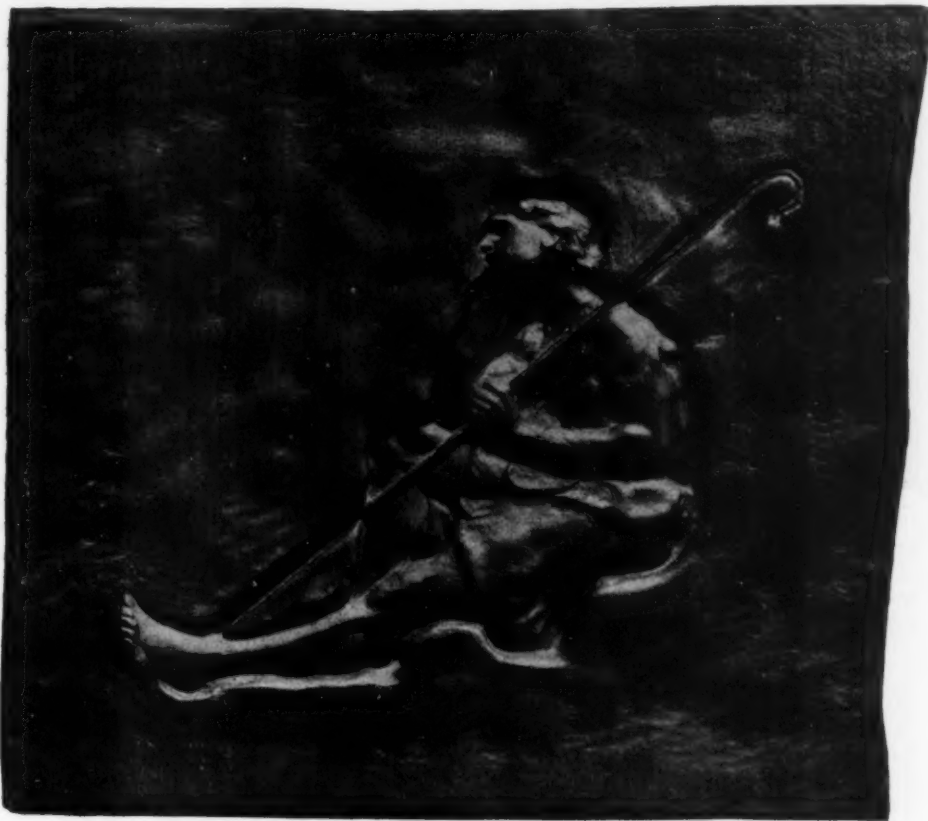
I remember a cabinet for birds' eggs, made by an amateur. The front was of glass, and the pilasters and side panels were beautifully carved. The lowest panels were decorated with wading birds—a pelican on one, and a crane on the other—for these birds would naturally be low down. Above came two panels containing a jay and a hawk; and last, a skylark and a swallow at the top.

I hear you saying, "Such designs are suited only to those well skilled in the art." Very true, but the principle applies to the simplest carving. Variety will add interest to your work. Perfect

ferent, and the beauty of the designs well repays study. By securing variety in design, your work will never become tiresome while you are doing it, or after it is done.

When we have learned the rudiments of the art and begin to have more complex ideas, we shall wish to carve figures. Here, really, we leave simple carving behind, and advance into the field of sculpture; for sculpture in wood is as truly sculpture as if its material were marble or bronze.

We must now take up modeling in clay, and henceforth our carving will be good exactly so far as our modeling is good. Carving can not excel its



"LYCIDAS."—A PANEL DESIGNED AND CARVED BY MISS ALLEGRA EGGLESTON.

harmony can be preserved in a piece, though no two parts are carved alike. There is a splendid example of this in Melrose Abbey,—a long row of tiles carved in stone, which, at first glance, seem to be alike, the amounts of light and shade being equal. In fact, however, every tile is dif-

ferent, and the beauty of the designs well repays study. Hence the processes which lead to success are the same for one material as for the other. The work is modeled in the clay, a plaster cast is made, and then a close copy of it may be cut in marble or wood, or cast in bronze. Of clay

modeling I shall say only this: When you have grasped an idea, even if a conventional one, go to nature for your help in working it out. Suppose you are doing a horse's head. Do not rely on casts and pictures, but make studies in the stable, and see how quickly you will learn. You can not hope

not project and throw the rest into shadow. When the work is deeply recessed, high relief is effective.

An illustration of low-relief carving is given in the engraving, one of four panels from a series which I made for Mr. H. G. Marquand's "Snugery," in his Newport house. These pieces average sixteen inches by eighteen inches, with the highest relief but a quarter of an inch.

You can learn almost as much from studying good pieces of wood-carving as from a teacher; for, if the carving was properly done, you can tell just what tools were used to produce every effect. But, as good work is very rare, and as you are surrounded by bad examples, you must be careful not to be led astray. A great part of the wood-carving in the market is done by machinery, and only touched up by hand, though often described as hand-carving. Then, too, so much of the rest is spoiled by sandpaper and files that you can get no instruction from



ONE OF A SERIES OF PANELS DESIGNED AND CARVED BY THE AUTHOR.

it. However, you can learn much by examining good stone-carving. This branch of carving is further advanced than work in wood, and, in spite of the fact that the materials are so different, the one will serve as an example for the other. In a good piece of stone-carving all the tool-marks are left, and you will notice how they run; and how, by allowing the outside edge of the design to disappear here and there in the background, an effect is obtained almost as soft as if the design were modeled in clay. On the newer houses in New York city there are many good examples.

One word in regard to high and low relief. It is commonly thought that there is something intrinsically more artistic in low than in high relief, because the low relief requires a more delicate and subtle treatment; and that the variations are so slight, and the whole thing so nearly flat, that a little has to count for much. But, in reality, one work of art is just as artistic as another, if it be as well done, and the question of high or low relief should be settled by the place the completed carving is to occupy. When it is to be looked at from a distance with the light coming from all sides, as on the gable of a house, high relief is proper; but for interior work, low relief gives the better effect. The indoor light being generally a side light, in low relief one part of the work does

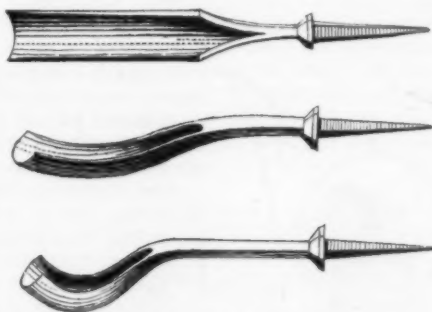
The best woods for carving are oak, cherry, and mahogany. Oak is rather hard, but it is so strong that it will not break unless you get a "stringy" piece. Cherry is quite strong and not so hard; and if it be not daubed with stain, but simply left to itself, it will soon become beautiful in color. Always get the reddest piece you can. If you can obtain a good piece of well-seasoned mahogany,

you will find it a delightful wood to use for large work, though it will not prove strong enough for a fine pattern. Beginners are often discouraged because they start with poor wood. I advise you to take especial care and pains in this particular, and be sure you have a piece with straight grain, free from knots and imperfections. Try the wood before you begin, for it is almost time thrown away to carve a "curly" or cross-grained piece.

To finish, with a brush or rag put on raw linseed oil. When it has soaked well into the wood, wipe the work clean with a woollen cloth, and apply a coat of *thin* shellac. Next day, take one of those little scrubbing-brushes used for the hands, and rub the work hard. This rubbing will remove the unpleasant shine, without taking off the shellac which protects the carving from dust.

My friend, the late John L. Hayes, of Cambridge, was one of the busiest lawyers in Boston, yet by his own handiwork he made his house a marvel to all who see it. Working sometimes but fifteen minutes a day, he accomplished an almost incredible amount and variety of work. This is the more surprising because he began wood-carving in middle life, without any previous artistic training. The cabinet for birds' eggs, mentioned before, is his work. Another example is a circular mirror-

frame, composed of a wreath of the flowers mentioned by Ophelia. Winding around throughout the circle of flowers, and ending at the bottom



SPECIMENS OF TOOLS FOR WOOD-CARVING.

in a knot, is a flowing ribbon, on which is carved the quotation: "There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance, pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts."

If our young wood-carvers find a few difficulties removed by the brief hints I have offered them, I have accomplished all I expected.

NOVEMBER IN THE GARDEN.

BY GRACE WINTHROP.

THE sunflowers in the garden
Are bending limp and low.
The cornstalks, brown and withered,
Stand rustling in a row.
"We were so fine," they murmur,
"A little while ago!"

The sky is gray and gloomy
Without the sunshine's glow.
There is no smiling anywhere
Unless — Oh, gladsome show!
Twelve plump and golden pumpkins
All beaming in a row!

They say, "Why so despairing?
We're always here, you know,
At this unpleasant season
Expressly sent to show
The need of glad Thanksgiving,
In spite of frost and snow."

THE LOAF OF PEACE.

BY OCTAVE THANET.



F the kitchen-door stand open — and the door of an Arkansas kitchen is likely to stand open on a late February day — you can look from the kettles of the big stove to the bend of the Black River, to the steep bank where red willow twigs top the velvet down which will be grass, and across the gray waters to willows and sycamores and canebrakes and a few cabins in the clearings. Should you step to the door, you can see the plantation-store and mill, and a score of gambrel-roofed white houses. In the fields, the whitish-brown cotton-stalks lie on the dun-colored earth. The birds are singing in the cypress forest, and a red-bird flutters his gorgeous wings on a stray stalk that has escaped the cutter.

Aunt Callie, one day in February, saw the fields and the bird, and also a little girl whose flannel cape was the color of the bird's wing, and whose thick hair had a gleam of the same tint.

"Humph," said Aunt Callie, "reckon by her favor, dat ar's Haskett's gell comin' by."

"Haskett's gell," otherwise Mizzie Haskett, came awkwardly and shyly down the walk, and balanced herself on the kitchen steps. She wore her holiday attire, a blue-and-white cotton frock, red flannel cape, and a large bonnet (evidently made for a much older head) decked with red roses. Her hair was tied with a bright new green ribbon; and round a soft and snowy little neck was a large white frill in which glittered an imitation-gold pin. Certainly, her pretty skin did not need it, but she was powdered (or, to be accurate, floured) profusely; this last Southern touch of art being added injudiciously, after the putting on of the red cape. She was, moreover, consumed with embarrassment, which sent a flood of blushes through the flour layer, over her skin, from the roots of her hair to the nape of her neck.

"Ye seekin' any pusson, Sissy?" said Aunt

Callie frigidly. She had cooked for "the quality" twenty years, and she knew her own dignity.

"I be'n seekin' Miss Dora, please," the little girl answered meekly, in a very sweet voice.

Miss Carroll, overhearing both question and answer, hastened to invite the child to come in, which she did after a long interval of scraping her shoes outside.

Once in the kitchen, seated, and her feet twisted behind the rungs of a kitchen chair, Mizzie gasped twice, then said, "Paw sent me. It dropped through."

"What do you mean?" said Miss Carroll.

"It was sorter sad lookin'," continued Mizzie, on the verge of tears. "Paw made out to eat it, but I knowed 't was n't right."

"Eat what? I really don't understand."

"The brown bread, ma'am," sobbed Mizzie, big tears rolling down her cheeks, but persistently gasping her way through her sentences. "I put it in the steamer, like — you-all — tole me; but it — dropped through an' spread out. Did n't raise up high like you-all's."

"You unfortunate child," said Dora, "do you mean that you poured your brown bread into the steamer — without any tin?"

This, it appeared, was precisely what Mizzie had done.

"'Cause Mis' Carroll did n't say nuthin' 'cept 'Put it into the steamer.'"

"Paw an' me made it together," said she, taking out a square of cotton to wipe her eyes; "an' when it come out so sad an' curis lookin' he said for me to come here to-day, 'cause you-all wud be makin' of yo' bread, an' mabbe wud n't mind me lookin' on. Tole me to shore wipe my feet dry. Paw 'd hate terrible for me ter pester ye onyhow."

Aunt Callie visibly softened under this humility. "Dar, sot still an' watch me, den," said she.

"I'll tell you," said Dora, "I taught Aunt Callie our New England bread."

She could not have asked a more attentive scholar, Mizzie watching every motion of the great wooden spoon with the eyes of a hawk, and her lips moving at intervals as do those of a child who inaudibly repeats a lesson to himself.

Presently, the brown batter being safely in the tin mold, and the mold in the steamer, the small maid asked:

"Please, ma'am, cud we-all buy a tin trick like that at the store?"

Being informed that she could, she sighed with relief, extricated her feet from the chair, and "made her manners."

"I'm much obliged to you-all, ma'am, an' I wish ye well."

Hereupon she would have gone had not Dora detained her to slip a slice of cake and some apples into her hand.

They saw her stop, a little distance from the

sen' 'er ter school mos' days 'cept washin' day. He guv 'er dat pin, but mos' times she lends it ter Sal' Jane. Sal' Jane's all fur havin' 'er time an' 'er pleasure; but Mizpah, she's studdy."

Certainly she looked steady, too steady for her years, as she picked her way through the mud. She had stopped at the store, and the "tin trick" glittered under the crook of her elbow. Passing through the "settlement," she went over the brow of the tiny hill, down into the cypress brake. She hastened her pace, tripping along the dim forest



"'I 'LL TELL YOU,' SAID DORA, 'I TAUGHT AUNT CALLIE OUR NEW ENGLAND BREAD.'"

house, and carefully wrap the cake in a piece of paper.

"She 'll never tech a bite o' dat ar," said Aunt Callie,—"'jes' tote it home to de young uns. She do dem chil'en good as a mudder. Dey ain't got any mudder, ye un'erstan'. She keep de 'ouse alone ebber sence her maw died. Dar's her paw; and Sal' Jane, dat's goin' on ten; and de baby, dat's two; an' her, dat's mabbe fo'teen. De cookin' an' scrubbin' an' makin' de cloze, she an' her paw, dey do it all. When he makin' a crop, den *she* do it all. But in winter he makes out to

ways. Beautiful ways they are in February, with the white bark shining like silver, and the velvet moss which coats the north side of the cypresses and sycamores, and the glitter of red berries on the blue-black twigs of the hackberry-trees, and the ferns waving in the damp places, and the little "bluets" which deck the ground, first of all the brave company of spring flowers; but none of these did brisk little Mizzie see, because she was too busy planning for the two younger children and for "Paw."

"We cud make out right well, ef 't wan't fur that

thar cotton," she said to herself. "Well, I wud n't keer 'bout losin' the cotton, either, ef 't was n't fur such a sight er bad feelin's. I jes' take the all-overs^{*} every time I see paw getherin' his gun ter go out. An' it used ter be so nice!"

Mizzie sighed heavily. By this time, she had come out upon a clearing and cotton-fields. On the edge of the cotton-fields stood a bright blue house. Evidently it was a new house; not only was its color a surprise to the eye accustomed to the universal whitewash of plantation taste, but its snug architecture and straight chimneys proclaimed its recent building. A little girl sat on the porch beside a lank Arkansas hound. The hound rushed across the fields with joyful yelps. Mizzie hushed him as best she could:

"Down Jeru! Down charge! You 'll fotch him out, shore."

The little girl had followed the dog. She was about Mizzie's age, and her black curls streamed out behind her as she ran.

"My, how long you was!" she exclaimed. "Did she tell ye?"

Mizzie nodded.

"Yes. You be thar, this aft'noon," replied she, solemnly, and she added, "I reckon I 'd bes' fotch 'long the baby. Sal' Jane has had 'im all the mornin'. You must n't ax too much er them little folks."

"All right. I 'll fotch 'long my doll."

The little girl looked about her with a hurried and stealthy air, then pushed her pretty face through the fence rails to kiss Mizzie, saying:

"Yo' right good ter fix it fer me so nice! An' I do love you better 'n any gell in this worl'—"

"Oh, Doshy!" cried Mizzie, "I see him comin'. Oh, fly!"

Instantly she herself darted across the road and plunged into the brake. Doshy ran swiftly toward the house. A voice commanded her to stop; she had been seen. She turned and went back to her father. He was a short, dark man, who snapped an ox-goad against his boot-legs in an unpleasant manner.

"Ain't that gell Dock Haskett's?" he inquired. "Warn't that her, here, yisterday, too?"

"Yes, sir," said Doshy.

"Did n't I tole ye I did n't want ye ter have no more talk with Haskett's folks?"

Then Doshy plucked up heart to answer. "Paw, I cayn't help it. She 's so good. An' I like her better 'n any little gell in school."

"Good?" repeated the father with strong derision. "Good! Ain't she a Haskett? Ain't she got a red head like his'n? Aw, them red heads kin talk an' git 'roun' decent folks, but they 'll do ye a meanness whenever ye trust 'em. Look at

me! Kin I walk right yit? Confound him, I 'll tote that ar bullet er his'n 'roun', long 's I live! An' my gell a-wantin' ter run with his gell! I ain't got patience ter enjure hit. Go 'long!"

The child made no answer, but, stifling a sob, flew into the house.

Sullenly the father limped about his work. He was not at all a harsh father, and that unusual look of fright and hurt which his girl had worn, smote his heart.

"Now I made the little trick feel bad. Blame it all!" he muttered, while he saddled his horse; and he felt all the more bitter toward Haskett, the cause of his ill-temper.

Everybody on the plantation knew that there was open war, a strong and bitter feud, between Luther Morrow and Dock Haskett. Yet, not six months before, they had been warm friends. The quarrel began over a trifle—a dispute as to which of two hunters was the better shot. There was a match which decided nothing, and a hog-hunt in which each shot the same number of wild hogs, and both claimed the last boar. The two men's tempers waxed warmer, and, by consequence, their friendship cooled, and foolish friends made the matter worse. And, finally, Jerusalem Jones, Luther's pet hound, must needs choose this season of wrath to steal a ham from the Haskett gallery. Dock Haskett, unhappily, snatched up his gun and shot at the beast. He missed Jerusalem Jones, but he hit Jerusalem's master, who was on his way to the Hasketts', bent on conciliation, owing to his wife's entreaties. (He even had it in mind to tell Dock that he was in no hurry for the payment of a certain note which would fall due in February. In their friendly days, Luther had lent Dock money.) Enraged at such a reception, Luther brought his own gun to his shoulder, and there was a very pretty fusillade before Mizzie and the neighbors could reach the place from the cotton-fields. Dock had a shot in the shoulder, and Luther was on the ground with that shot in the leg, which was not yet healed.

To-day, for the first time, Luther was able to ride to the store. He went on no pacific mission. Dock was saving his last bales of cotton for the higher spring-prices. They were at the gin, near the store. Luther's business was to have them attached for his debt. The very first person whom he met, after he had concluded this business, was a tall man, lean and awkward, with a kindly freckled face and red hair—in short, Dock Haskett.

He had heard about the cotton. He rode straight up to Luther. "This yere ain't no place fer talkin'," said he. "If ye reckon I done ye any wrong, I am ready ter have it out with ye any

* Shivers.

time an' place ye like; but I promised my gell ter fotch her some flour, and I got ter git it back ter her fust."

Before the two men separated, they had agreed to meet "an' talk 'bout things" that afternoon, at a lonely spot in the cypress brake, midway between their houses.

Then they rode home, carrying no very good appetite to their dinners.

Dock found the new brown-bread over the fire when he entered the room at home which was the Hasketts' kitchen, dining-room, and bed-chamber all in one.

The baby toddled to meet him, babbling an inarticulate welcome which Mizzie interpreted at length—the baby was sixteen months old and more fluent than intelligible of speech.

An apple and a piece of cake had been saved for the father.

"Ye-all had some?" said he. Sal' Jane assured him they had, "all 'cept Mizzie, an' *she* fotchted 'em."

"Mizzie an' me 'll go shares," said Dock. "Ye are allers good ter the little tricks. Reckon I kin trust 'em with ye."

He sighed in a curious way, Mizzie thought, as he spoke, and as he kissed her. While she was laying the table for dinner, he helped her, as usual, but more than once he caught himself standing still, dish in hand, staring around the room. To a mere stranger, it might have seemed bare and comfortless. The bricks on the hearth and in the great black throat of the fire-place were uneven and broken. It was a meager array of tin and delft that was ranged on the shelf above. The walls were unplastered, and their sole ornaments were two colored cards,—one, presented with a box of soap, representing a very chubby infant washing himself; the other, the gift of a stray insurance agent, a red and black sketch of a burning house. The floor was in waves, and the only piece of carpet was before the bed. Dock himself had chopped the rude bedstead out of white-oak timbers, and Mizzie had stuffed the pillows and the mattress with cotton. The great cracks in the walls where the clapboards were warped or broken had been plastered with mud. There were barely two panes of glass in the single window of the room. But Dock looked fondly at the red cushions covering the broken seats of the cane-bottomed chairs, at the figured brown oil-cloth on the table and the bright tin spoons which shone in the blue glass jug bought by Mizzie's cotton-money, and the lamp filled with real coal-oil, and it seemed to him a truly luxurious and beautiful apartment, only he used no such fine words.

"Don't it look good!" thought Dock sorrowfully.

"Ye feelin' puny* to-day, Paw?" said Mizzie, with an anxious look.

"Naw, honey, I war jes' studyin'." In a minute he added, in a serious tone, "Mizzie, do ye set 's much store by Doshy Morrow now'days ez ye use ter?"

Mizzie came up closer to him and leaned her head against his arm, while she answered, "Yes, Paw. *She* ain't hurted you, ye know." She twisted the cloth of his sleeve, and went on, "Paw, wud ye — wud ye mind my learnin' Doshy to make this 'ere bread?"

"In co'se not, honey. I ain't no ill-will ter the little trick, nur ter her maw neether. She war powerful kind ter us-all, onct." He muttered under his breath, "Maybe she 'd be kind ag'in, if——"

Instead of completing the sentence, he kissed the anxious little face.

Mizzie thought that he was even kinder than usual that day. After their simple dinner, she saw him chopping wood. He chopped a great pile, enough to last a long while, in the mild weather of February and March. Then he brought the sack of meal into the gallery from the shed. "Handier fur ye," he muttered; and he cut up the half-a-pig which hung in the shed, so that it was ready for cooking.

By this time, the hour was near three by the wheezy old clock on the shelf. Dock returned to the house.

Sal' Jane was poking the fire, at that moment, with an important air which was explained by her first speech.

"Mizzie's gone with the baby, an' I 'm to keep the water b'ilin', so the bread won't spile."

"That 's right, honey," said her father. He kissed her and went out again.

She thought nothing of his having his gun over his shoulder.

About the same time, Luther Morrow, also carrying a gun, was shutting his gate. He looked grimly and sadly at the cotton-fields and the house, but he forced a smile when his wife nodded to him from the door-way; and after he had walked a little distance he turned to wave his hand.

"Mendoshy 's alluz b'en a good wife ter me," he thought; "mabbe she 'd like fer ter 'member that 'ar, ef anythin' happens."

The place of meeting was marked by a blasted cypress growing on the edge of a ravine or "slash." A tangle of thorn-trees, papaws and trumpet-vines made a rude hedge above the bank on the road-side. Luther's first glance showed him Dock's tall figure in blue jeans, outlined against the chalk-white of the cypress. At the same moment, Dock

perceived his enemy, and both men advanced, frowning. Half-way, they stopped as abruptly as if shot, with a curious, embarrassed, shamefaced look. Yet that which had stopped them was but a child's laugh. Immediately it was answered by another childish laugh.

"They 're down thar in the slash, I reckon," said Dock. "Say, war n't that yo' gell's voice?"

"Yes; war n't t' other un *your'n*?" said Luther. He was seized with an absurd and incongruous curiosity.

"Cayn't we get nearer to see?" said he.

Dock jerked his thumb over his shoulder, saying, "Thar 's a opener place a piece back."

"All right," said Luther.

Neither man caring to walk ahead of the other, the two marched peaceably side by side.

Just so,—the abrupt remembering it and the sting of it made Dock wince,—just so they had walked over that very road a year before; then they carried a coffin between them, and the coffin was that of Dock's wife. She was buried out in the woods, as she had wished. The spot was not twenty rods away. Luther had been Dock's good friend and neighbor then, and it was Mrs. Morrow who brought the bunch of holly and red berries that was lying on the coffin. "And how comes it we b'en walkin' yere to-day, seekin' each other's blood?" thought Dock.

Luther's reflections were of another nature.

"Thar! if that ar bad little trick are runnin' with Haskett's gell agin, ayfter my tellin' her—I jes' *will* guv 'er the bud*—leastways, I 'll skeer 'er up, a-promisin' it ter her!"

Dock soon halted, where the underbrush was less dense.

Each of the men eyed the other sharply before getting on his hands and knees to crawl through. Luther, half-way, met with a mishap, catching on a thorn-tree. A smothered exclamation from him attracted Dock's notice.

"My foot got cotched in the elbow-brush," he groaned, "and that ar blamed thorn-tree's got hold er my breeches; I cayn't reach it with my han's, nur I cayn't kick it 'way with my foot! Say, kin ye cut the ornery branch off?"

"Waal, ye *be* helt fas', ain't ye?" Dock answered, hastening to his aid, without a sign of levity. He solemnly cut away the limb of the thorn-tree.

"Thank 'e," said Luther, in a surly voice.

They both crawled to the edge. In some way, they both felt a disposition to postpone their quarrel. They looked over the hedge of "elbow-brush" and thorn-tree and leafless trumpet-vine. Down below, in the hollow, a fire had been built against a log. Three sticks, crossed above, sup-

ported a kettle on which rested a covered tin vessel. A savory steam arose from this, crisping in the air, delicious to the nostrils and beautiful to the eye. Close to the fire, Mizzie and Doshy sat together. The baby sat on a blanket beside Mizzie, hilariously playing with Doshy's new doll. On the outskirts of the group, the dog, Jerusalem Jones, was chasing a pig.

"Whut they monkeyin' with, onyhow?" said Luther.

"Hush! Hark to 'em!" said Dock.

Doshy was explaining something to Mizzie: "An' he loves brown-bread a turrible sight. He eat some ter Mis' Carroll's, an' he b'en talkin' 'bout it ever sence. An' I 'll have this yere fur supper, an' he 'll eat it, an' he 'll say, 'Who made it?' an' I 'll say, 'Me'; an' I 'll say *you* learned me, an' then he 'll 'low yo' 're a real nice little girl."

"I 'm 'fraid he won't," said Mizzie; "my paw don' mind a bit my likin' you; but yo' paw 'd like fur ter set the doeg on me."

"Naw, he wud n't neether," cried Doshy. "He jes' lets on ter be cross; he 's *real* good, inside. Don' ye mind how he gethered them pecans fur we-all afore they had the trouble? He 's real kind; he never whips none o' us. Jes' *sez* he will—but he *don't*."

"Blame it all, the pesky little trick! She b'en 'cute nuff ter fin' that out," cried Luther, while Dock stifled a chuckle.

"My paw 's good, too," said Mizzie. "He chopped a right smart er wood fur me to-day. I never have ter chop wood."

"Neither does Maw," said Doshy proudly. "My Paw always does hit, an' he done a heap to-day, too."

The two fathers exchanged glances; without a word each read what the other's forebodings had been, by what he remembered of his own. And each felt, in a vague and dubious way, complimented by the other's dread of being killed.

A loud scream from one of the little girls turned their eyes back to the fire. Jerusalem Jones had worked mischief. He thought it was an unprotected orphan of a pig that he was harassing; so, barking and jumping, he had chased the wretched little beast into the brake. But, in a second, he came back faster than he went, and pursued by three wild hogs. These wild hogs are hideous creatures, long, muscular, with great black heads, and tusks like scimitars curling upward out of their jaws. They would have ended Jerusalem Jones's ill-doing in short order, had they caught him. Jerusalem, howling with fright, bounded up to the girls, the wild hogs at his heels, uttering the strange, fierce sound which these beasts make when they rally to face the hunters. It is the note of danger. The

* Switch.



"'HUSH! HARK TO 'EM!' SAID DOCK."

girls turned pale. They leaped to their feet. Mizzie snatched up the baby. With a single bound and a mighty swing of her strong little arms, she dropped the astonished infant in the midst of a thicket of thorn-trees. Then, snatching a brand from the fire, she stood at bay.

"Fight 'em with the fire, Doshy!" she said; "don't let 'em git our bread!"

Doshy had bravely caught a stick, but seeing the baby safe, she had flown to the rescue of Jerusalem Jones. The dog was rolling on the ground in desperate conflict with the smallest hog. In his agony, Jerusalem wrenched himself free and made a flying leap through the fire, thereby overturning the gypsy kettle and sending the brown-bread tin headlong at the hogs. Doshy uttered a piteous scream:

"Oh, my bread! my nice bread!"

Mizzie was on the other side nearer the brown-bread. Before the huge black noses could touch the tin, she kicked over the log.

"Gether the bread an' run!" she screamed.

The two hogs turned on Mizzie. Doshy was running to her playmate's aid; but she was too far away. Horrified, she saw one infuriated boar strike the burning stick out of the brave little hand. "Jeru! Jeru!" she cried in her despair, while she threw her stick at the hog.

Let it be told to his credit, Jerusalem responded;

though he had run on his own account, though he was bleeding in half a dozen places, the dog leaped back into the fray, drove his teeth through the big boar's ear, and hung there. The boar had caught Mizzie's skirt; he flung up his wicked head now. But meanwhile the other boar, with his teeth clashing, his eyes like red coals —

"Oh, Lord, Luther!" gasped Dock, "cayn't ye git a sight at it? My pore little gell 's square in front o' me!"

He shut his eyes for one intolerable second; the next, the ping of a bullet made him crash his way through the brush, and slip recklessly down the bank. As an apple falls when hit by a stone, the boar tumbled to the ground. Then Dock's bullet laid the other hog beside him.

The sagacious Jerusalem had loosened his hold when he saw the gun-barrel. Now he capered over the body with yells of triumph. But he ceased his dance and looked in amazement at his master, who was actually hugging Haskett's girl.

"Please, Mister Morrow," she said, "look a' the baby. I put 'im in, but I cayn't git 'im out."

The baby, however, was already in its father's arms. Doshy was mourning over her brown-bread.

"Put it back in the steamer," commanded Mizzie, adding: "Oh, please, Mister Morrow, 't

ain't Doshy's fault, bein' with me; I coaxed her fur ter learn ter make the bread!"

"Honey," her father answered tenderly, "it 's the bes' bread ever was baked!—an' Haskett 'n' me'll eat it together. Won't we, Dock?"

"We will so," said Dock, rubbing the tears from his eyes, "an' I guv in, now, 'bout the shoot-in'. I cud n't hev made that shot jest un'er the child's elbow! Why, ye got a han' o' iron——"

"An' I guv in 'bout that ar ornery, triflin', no-'count dog," answered Luther; "ye was right for ter shoot 'im, Dock. Ye kin kill him off, this minnit, ef yer wan' ter."

"Naw, sir. Not ayfter his tacklin' that hoeg ez he did," cried Dock; "but ye know, Luther,—— I meant that shot, six months ago, fer him, not fer you; an' I are turrible sorry I done hit——"

"Shet up!" said Luther impulsively. "I 've done ez mean by you ez you 've done by me. Blamed if I know how it come we-uns was fightin',

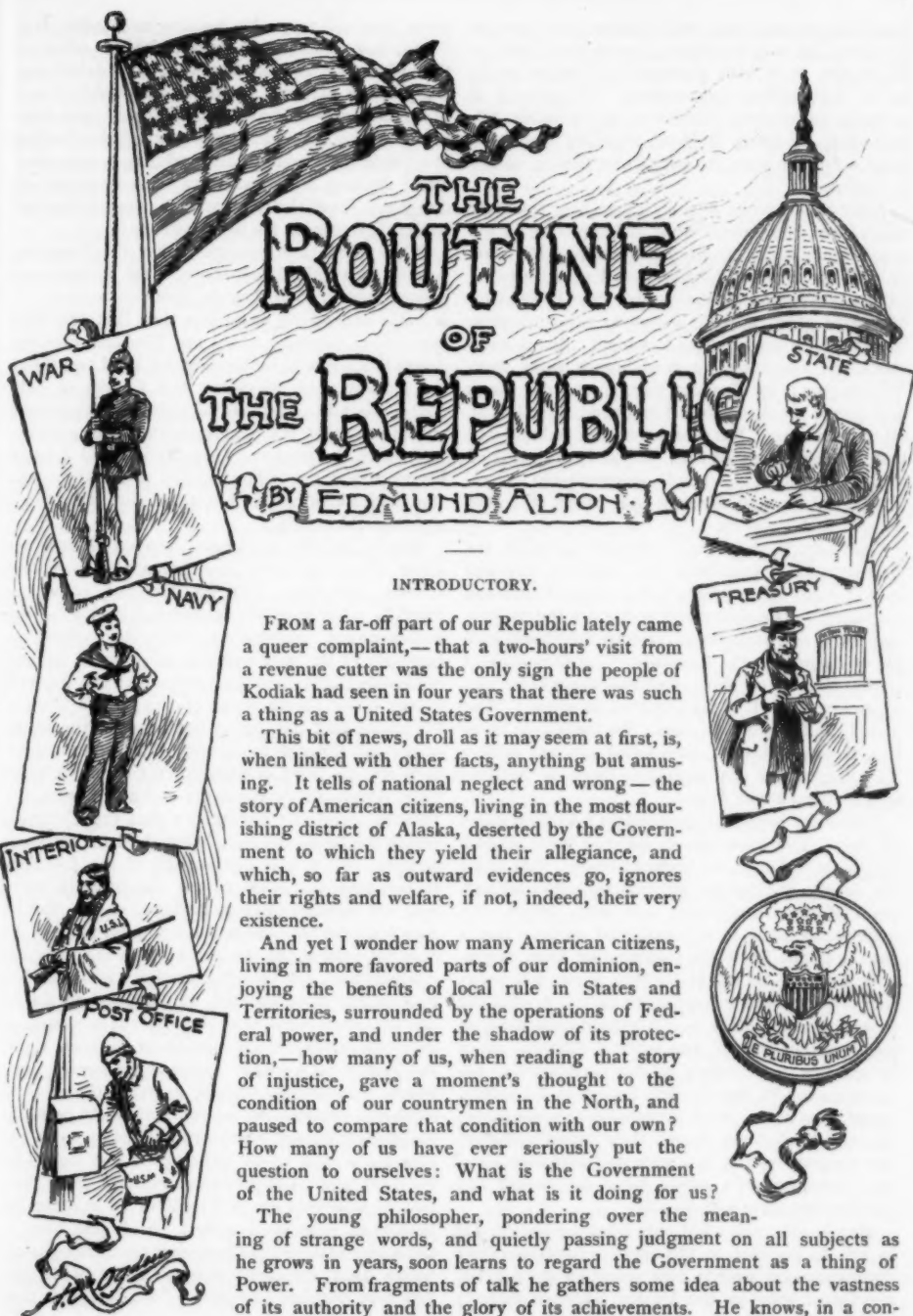
onyhow. Say, let 's take the brown-bread ter my house an' eat it——an' tell Mendoshy."

Thus it happened that the man who passed the Morrow house that evening had a most extraordinary tale to relate at the store.

"I tell ye, they was all roun' the table, Dock Haskett an' his baby, an' his two gells, an' all the Morrowes. An' Luther he kissed Haskett's gell spang on the forehead, an' he war a-cuttin' her a hunk o' brown-bread. An' Dock he says, 'She did n't do no better nor yore gell'; an' then Luther he guvs his gell a buss, too, an' they all were a-laffin', an' Mis' Morrow she laffed till she cried."

Aunt Callie's comment was, "Waal, good cookin' 's never wasted, an' them gells ain't likely to fergit how to make brown-bread. I ain't sorry I l'arned 'er, though, ez a ginerall thing, I 'ain't no 'pinion er folkse romancin' 'roun' my kitchen."





INTRODUCTORY.

FROM a far-off part of our Republic lately came a queer complaint,—that a two-hours' visit from a revenue cutter was the only sign the people of Kodiak had seen in four years that there was such a thing as a United States Government.

This bit of news, droll as it may seem at first, is, when linked with other facts, anything but amusing. It tells of national neglect and wrong—the story of American citizens, living in the most flourishing district of Alaska, deserted by the Government to which they yield their allegiance, and which, so far as outward evidences go, ignores their rights and welfare, if not, indeed, their very existence.

And yet I wonder how many American citizens, living in more favored parts of our dominion, enjoying the benefits of local rule in States and Territories, surrounded by the operations of Federal power, and under the shadow of its protection,—how many of us, when reading that story of injustice, gave a moment's thought to the condition of our countrymen in the North, and paused to compare that condition with our own? How many of us have ever seriously put the question to ourselves: What is the Government of the United States, and what is it doing for us?

The young philosopher, pondering over the meaning of strange words, and quietly passing judgment on all subjects as he grows in years, soon learns to regard the Government as a thing of Power. From fragments of talk he gathers some idea about the vastness of its authority and the glory of its achievements. He knows, in a con-

fused and dreamy way, that it exists; but he does not see it, he does not feel it, he does not hear it. He thinks of it with patriotic awe, as he might think of something supernatural. To him it is a vague, mysterious Presence—an invisible, all-pervading, sleepless Majesty, presiding like some mighty Genius over the affairs and destiny of the Republic.

Later on, when he begins to pore over the daily papers and read about what is happening in the world, some of the mystery disappears. He hears of a Congress, of a President, and of a Supreme Court, transacting business miles away in the City of Washington, and he learns to think of them whenever the Government is named. But as summer days approach, he reads more news from Washington: the Justices have closed the Court and gone; Congress has decamped; and, last of all, the President has seized a fishing-rod and fled into the wilderness for rest. What has become of the Government? Veiled, impenetrable sovereignty, unseen and silent, it still exists, still goes onward with its work.

Certainly, in the loftier sense of the term, the Government is invisible. Its mention may well inspire awe—it suggests sovereign grandeur and authority. Its majesty and power are the majesty and power of a nation—of the sixty millions of people who compose the Republic. The Government is the people, speaking and executing their own sovereign will. It is the Republic in action! The power itself can not be seen; the means, or agencies, through which it speaks and acts, are visible. Those agencies are human—there is nothing supernatural about them.

The older boys and girls whom I address know all this. You know more, for you have studied the Constitution of the United States. You know the theory, the outline, the general plan and purposes of the Government,—in other words, you understand what it was designed to be. But a person might know the Constitution from beginning to end—he might be able to recite it backward—and yet be utterly in the dark as to what the Government actually is. A government may be one thing in theory, and quite a different thing in practice. According to the Constitution, the Government of the United States is a system, grand, protective, just! According to some thinkers who have freely uttered their thoughts during the present year, it is a grim and ravenous Monster, devouring the substance of the people and threatening them with ruin!

Nor is the reality hid only from the young. It is safe to say that to the average American (and the expression sweeps over many an aged head) the Government of the United States is scarcely

more than a fancy,—his notions as to what it is doing, and as to how it does it, border often on the ludicrous. It was a boy who, when asked how Congress is divided, promptly answered, "Into three classes—civilized, half-civilized, and savage." But it was a man who, stating that he had seven sons and no daughters, and that, as he understood the law, a man who has seven sons and no daughters is entitled to a pension, gravely applied to the Government for his allowance!

It has often been remarked that the American people, as a rule, know more about ancient and foreign history than they do about their own. It is quite in keeping with this view that the man who knows the least about the Declaration of Independence should be the first on hand and make the loudest noise whenever the Fourth of July comes around. And it is not going far beyond the truth to say that the American who knows practically nothing about the Constitution and laws of his country is the wildest in his praise of American institutions and in his talk about the exalted rights of citizenship!

Passing by what he knows, or what he does not know, about the local governments of town and county and State (and he does not know too much!), what does the average American—the well-meaning, easy-going, every-day citizen—know about the management of national affairs? He knows that this is the province of the Federal Power—the Government of the United States. He knows that this power works under the forms of law and through the agency of men; that these men are, by the Constitution, divided into three great classes, or departments—the Congress, the Judiciary, and the Executive; that the Congress makes the laws, declaring what shall or shall not be done, which it is the function of the Judiciary to interpret, the office of the Executive to carry out, and the duty of every citizen to obey. But he does not read the laws which Congress makes; he does not look at the decisions which the Judiciary renders; and, not knowing precisely what the Executive has been ordered by Congress to do, he can not know what that department is doing, or have any intelligent conception of his own rights and duties as a citizen under those laws. Yet, within a fortnight, he will exercise the highest right and perform (or, rather, pretend to perform) the highest duty of American citizenship—he will vote for a man to go to Congress and help four hundred other Congressmen to make *more* laws, and he will vote for a President to execute the laws those men shall make! And, just here, to show how little he really knows about the Constitution itself, we may trip him on one of its very first and simplest provisions. He imagines that,

as a citizen of Albany, for instance, in voting for a man to represent the people of that county in Congress he must name, as his choice, some man who also resides in that county; whereas (my young readers are able to inform him), if he and the other voters of the Albany district prefer to be represented by some man who lives in Buffalo, or anywhere else in the entire State of New York, they have a perfect right (so far as the mere question of that man's place of residence is concerned) to make that choice. He has doubtless read the Constitution, but he has by no means mastered it.

In one way or another—chiefly through the public prints—he gets occasional notice of Governmental action. Every paper he picks up has something to say concerning some branch of the Government service, or some branch of Government work. He reads about a fight on the frontier between a troop of soldiers and a band of hostile Indians, and he naturally infers that we have an army; but as to the size of that army, or where the rest of it is, and in what work engaged, he does not bother himself to inquire. In the same way, he hears of a sailing-vessel crashing into a "United States man-of-war," or of a sham battle, or torpedo-practice, in which some sailors are killed and others wounded, and the idea flashes across his mind that we have also a navy; but as to where the other ships of the navy are—whether floating on the top, or dismantled and at the bottom, of the sea—or as to what we would do in case an enemy should bombard our coast, he has no exact knowledge. From the quips and bantering comments of the press, the subject seems to be one for national ridicule and sport, and he drops it with a smile or jest.

The carrier daily delivers to him his letters,—some from the remotest regions of the earth,—and he recognizes in this another agency of the Government. But the infinite details, the vast and almost perfect system by which the postal service is enabled to do its work so promptly and efficiently, are not considered. He receives his mail as he does many other things in life,—as a matter of course and of habit.

He handles the specie, the "greenbacks," the gold and silver certificates, and the bonds bearing the impress of the United States, together with notes bearing the names of national banks,—things which might stir in his mind a multitude of fiscal thoughts. How does the Government get the bullion which it coins? by what right does it issue greenbacks? in what do they differ from the specie certificates? and why, if the Government can make money out of paper, should it borrow money and issue bonds and pay interest on its debt? and what is that debt, anyhow? and what

has the Government to do with national banks? And back of all these questions are others: What is the revenue of the Government? How is it raised, and how and for what is it disbursed? If any of these queries enter his head, he does not banish a wink of sleep in an effort to answer them;—though perhaps the politicians have recently accosted him on the subject, and he has gleaned some facts in spite of their conflicting views.

At long intervals he meets the census-taker on his travels, and he understands that the Government has had its curiosity aroused and is counting the population of the Republic. But it would make his brain whirl to look at the massive volumes the Census Office turns out, and to read its statistics of trade and agriculture, and of nearly everything else that touches the social and business condition of the country.

Stray items may reach him now and then from other points. He may hear of men of genius—men with long names and longer heads—engaged in a variety of odd tasks. He may hear of some brooding over craters and lava, musing over moraines, and philosophizing about the strange behavior of brooks; of others surveying the coast or studying the land; of some tracking the course of an earthquake—of others measuring the movements of tides; of one locating the ores of the earth—of another mapping the shoals of the sea. He may hear of one assembling the scattered bones of a monster brute; of another uncovering the buried ruins and the history of an ancient race. He may hear of one stocking the streams with fish; of another investigating insects and arguing that wingless spiders can fly against the wind. He may hear of one stationed on a lofty peak, signaling an advancing storm; of another sweeping the distant depths, following the flight of some runaway star as it tears headlong through space.

But does he see the hand of Government in any of these things? What are his reflections? The Constitution expressly refers to armies, to a navy, to a postal service, to coinage and matters of revenue, to a census, and to a number of other subjects which he may readily recognize, when he stumbles across them in his path, as proper for the Government to deal with. Well, the Constitution speaks also about promoting the progress of science and useful arts. Does he think, for an instant, that under this provision the Government is paying for scientific work? If so, then why should not everybody engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, as a pastime or as a vocation, have the right to be sustained by national wealth? Tell him that the Government has invaded science, art, and literature; ask him to explain where it derives its authority to do so;

ask him to draw the line between the proper duties of Government and the rights of private enterprise—ask him, in short, to mark the bounds of the system itself. What answer does he give?

These are only a few of a thousand and one topics that might arrest his attention, in his reading or his observations, and suggest the exercise of Federal power. To say that he comprehends it in all its immensity, in all its ramifications, in all its far-reaching effects, is to pay him a compliment at the expense of fact. To know the reality, to know how far it is actually working out the purposes for which it was established, and how far it has swerved from its true course, he must know more than Constitutional principles; he must know the laws, the agencies created by those laws, what those agents are doing, and the methods which they employ. His knowledge, at the best, is but a smattering; to him, after all, the Government is little else than a conjecture, a fancy—an airy, intangible, invisible theory.

This is blunt speech. For there are tens of thousands of citizens who have very clear and correct notions about what the Government is, and about what it ought to be. The "average American" is, to be sure, an indefinite sort of person, and he is apt to think and know more about public affairs than he shows. But there is one class of Americans to which he does not belong—Americans who, unfortunately, do take what they call a "practical view" of things. They know the Blue Book better than they know the Constitution; they look upon the Government simply as a great collection of offices; they know the salary attached to every office; and their highest and only ambition, as citizens, is to secure the best-paying offices for themselves. The American with his "theory" and imperfect knowledge is so far ahead of this type of "enlightenment" as to put comparison out of all question.

The American who glories in the majesty of the Republic, and who values his own freedom, can not afford to dream; the duty he owes to the commonwealth, to society, and to himself, he can not, with honor or safety, ignore. The true grandeur of our Government depends upon the justice of its

laws; those laws depend upon the virtue, the patriotism, and the wisdom of the people. The fight for independence did not end with the Treaty of Peace; nor did the adoption of the Constitution settle forever all questions of civil liberty and government. Dangers have appeared in the past; dangers menace us to-day; dangers will yet arise. They may come from the direction of the Government; or they may come from society, as evils for the Government to meet. The political struggle now going on, which the people are expected to decide intelligently at the polls, is important, regarded from the stand-point either of principle or of policy. For the rising generation, graver questions and contests are in store. May they be bravely met and honorably determined by the ballot and the other weapons of peace and law!

The subject of government is a profound and momentous one, yet it is not wholly beyond the grasp of the young. It would be an error for parents or teachers to withhold it from you as a matter reserved for older minds. You can not be too much impressed by a consciousness of its gravity; you can not take too broad a view of national destiny and of your rights and duties as younger citizens; you can not begin to study these things too soon.

You are not expected to plunge at once into the depths of "political science"; you need not vex your early wits over abstruse "economic" puzzles. With time and experience will come ability to handle disputed problems, and to follow the drift of national policy and power. At the start, the mask of mystery should be lifted off; the reality of government should stand before your thoughts. To this end, these serial sketches have been prepared. They will not acquaint you with all the details of the system; that is not their aim. They are designed to show you, at a glance, the Republic at its daily work:—to conduct you into the presence of the Government of the United States; to introduce you to it, as to a stranger, and, with a few social remarks about the weather in order to put you at your ease, leave you to learn, from further intimacy, the disposition and the habits of your host.

(To be continued.)

In The Cellar.



BY MARTHA W. HITCHCOCK.

It was a big, rambling old place, — the mill-house at Buctouche, but none too large for the miller's family. Perhaps the children themselves were large for their age. At all events, they seemed to be everywhere; the house overflowed with them, yet there were always one or two about the mill, paddling in the mill-pond, or chasing the chickens about the yard.

Miranda and Sarah grew up in the belief that chickens, like children, were born to original sin. Nothing else satisfactorily explained their tendency to get into the garden.

"Sarah, run chase them chickens out o' the garden," called Mrs. McKenzie, as usual, one fine morning in the fall. Late though it was, there were still precious seeds to be garnered from the yellow vines, and so thought the chickens, too.

Sarah was a very little tot, — the youngest. She started boldly down the garden-path, but stopped short on seeing the big rooster, chuckling in low tones, as busy as the rest among the seeds.

"Their mother is with them," she called back in her little piping voice.

"M'rindy, you run help her." Miranda obeyed.

"It is n't their mother at all," she explained. "She does n't know their mother from their father."

"I guess we 'll kill a young gobbler for Thanksgiving," mused the mother, looking into the barn-yard as the children "shooed" the greedy fowls through the gate. "A turkey and a green goose — you 'll like that, won't you, Dave?"

One of the biggest of the big boys was leaning against a door-post — "Keeping the barn up," he called it.

"Well, my appetite is very delicate," he answered, regretfully, and then burst into a great shout of laughter. However good his jokes might be, nobody enjoyed them so much as Dave himself. "I can manage to pick a bone, though, Mother."

"I 'm hungry," said the listening Sarah, in a decided tone.

"Mercy sakes, child, you 've but just left the breakfast-table!"

"It 's talking about Thanksgiving that makes her hungry," David explained. "I feel just that way too."

In fact, it was the same at Buctouche all the year round. Something in the air made one ready to eat at any hour of the day or night. There was the salt air of the sea, and the sweet resinous smell of the pine-woods, and then all the lumber, heaped in fresh, clean profusion everywhere, in piles that towered above the lowly old mill and hid it from view. Perhaps that was the "hungriest" smell of all.

Fortunately there was always enough to eat in the McKenzie family; but it was not turkey and green goose every day. Oh, no; nor pumpkin-pie, and cranberries, and plum-pudding! The little McKenzies lived in Canada, where English plum-pudding formed part of every festival, but you see they were American enough to have pumpkin-pie, too.

Lucky little McKenzies!

Preparations for the day began soon after Mrs. McKenzie made her first allusion to green goose and the young gobbler. Before nightfall those fated birds were hanging by their heels, plump, snow-white after their plucking, inside the door of the ice-house.

Miranda helped to make the pies. She was "handy," her mother said, — a care-taking, earnest child, very unlike the humorous David, his boisterous brothers Joe, Isaac, William, and Daniel, or even roly-poly Sarah, who showed an early fondness for adventure and a distaste for honest work.

Miranda was her mother's "right-hand-man." She stoned the raisins, she stuffed the green goose (after her mother had prepared the appetizing mixture of bread-crumbs, sage, and onion), while Mrs. McKenzie prepared the gobbler; and when stuffed, Miranda's fowl certainly showed the more beautiful outlines.

When Thanksgiving morning came, Miranda arose with a deep sense of responsibility.

"The pudding must go in at ten," she repeated to herself. "The goose and the gobbler are to roast until they are done."

Breakfast was no sooner over, than Miranda was teasing to hang the fowl forthwith. A curious way to roast fowls was this: to hang them from the mantel-piece like Christmas stockings, letting them turn and slowly brown before the crackling wood-fire.

"Is n't it time now, Mother?"

"No, child, not yet. Fetch me the butter," replied Mrs. McKenzie, still busy over the pudding. The boys, idle that day, gathered around the fire, where the sight of their luxurious laziness irritated Miranda. Like a little Martha, she was cumbered with many cares, and she wished these to be understood even if they were not shared by her unappreciative family.

"Come, Dave," she said, imitating the sharp, bustling tone of her mother, "you are too idle for anything. Fetch the butter for Mother, now; I'm busy." Dave opened his big blue eyes in slow surprise.

"Hark to the little crowing hen! Don't you be saucy, now. That's all I have to say to you." Then, so far from jumping to obey, the bad boy contrived, while he tilted back his chair again, to thrust out one long leg, just as Miranda impatiently brushed by, tripping her up, but catching her as she fell with an affectation of great solicitude.

"Now see the harm of being in such a hurry. Why can't you be more like me? I'm never in a hurry." Dave winked at Isaac with one of his usual smiles. After this the boys felt it their duty to tease "M'rindy" all they could. She was, as Dave said, too "saucy." Something certainly was wrong with her to-day—the day that was to have been so happy. She felt angry with the boys, and was cross even to baby Sarah, who was playing contentedly in a corner with her kitten. The boys were mean and hateful to tease her so,—she, the only one who was useful; if it were not for her, those lazy boys would go hungry all day before they would do anything to help. Determined to be an example of virtue, she fussed and fretted, worried her mother with questions and advice, as the good woman bustled about making the beds and "cleaning up," as she called it, before Uncle Jacob, Aunt Betsey, and the five children arrived. A Thanksgiving service was to be held that afternoon, in the Presbyterian church, which would be attended by the whole McKenzie family, as well as by the country people from many miles around.

"Oh, I'm sure it's time to hang the goose,"

sighed Miranda. "It won't be done in time, Mother. It's bigger than the gobbler. Can't I hang it now?"

"I can't think what's come over you!" exclaimed poor Mrs. McKenzie, out of patience. "You're not helping, you're a-hindering me. Now, please go and sit down, and stay there till I call you."

Miranda walked off with a deep sense of injury. —After all she had done to help! What ingratitude! Nobody loved her, nobody realized how much they owed to her. If she should die now, they would find out. Then they would miss her, indeed! She would go away somewhere, as her mother ordered, and then her mother would see soon enough whether her daughter was a help or a hindrance.

"I won't come until she calls and calls," thought Miranda, angrily. She was uncertain where to go. Upstairs it was cold, and she would be too easily found—she wished to go where no one would think of looking for her. The cellar!—that was the place! To tell the truth, Miranda seldom went there when she could help it. A year or two before, Dave had frightened her badly in its dark depths by pretending to be a ghost, and she never got over a secret dread of "seeing something" there. But to-day fear was forgotten in an uglier feeling. Miranda had resolved to be miserable. The thought of sitting in the darkness among potato-barrels and sulking, gave her a grim satisfaction. It would seem like another injury heaped upon her patient head by her unfeeling family.

The cellar-door opened from a large store-room beyond the kitchen. Miranda passed the boys without being noticed; they were deep in a game of jack-stones, on the hearth. The fire needed more wood. Miranda recollected the goose and the gobbler and half turned to rekindle it; but she hardened her heart. "Let them look after it,—it won't be my fault, now, if the goose and the gobbler are not done in time." She passed on, took a candle from the shelf and lit it in the store-room, then gently opened and shut the cellar-door.

"Now, Dave, gi'me my alley!" shouted William, falling upon the offender and scuffling with him. Nobody heard the soft closing of the door. The big clock in the corner ticked away; the ashes fell on the hearth; the boys, bent upon some new plan, rushed out-of-doors; little Sarah, sitting in the corner, had succeeded in unbuttoning her frock and buttoning it up again on the unwilling kitten, where it was held in place by winding the sleeves around and tying them like a sash.

A few minutes later, Mrs. McKenzie bustled in and cast an anxious glance at the clock.

"Mercy sakes!" she cried; then she looked at the fire. "Mercy sakes *alive!*" she repeated excitedly. "You boys!—why you've let the fire go clean out. M'rindy, why did n't you 'tend to it?—After all your fussing and trying to help!"

But Miranda and the boys were out of hearing. Mrs. McKenzie went to the door and called:

"Dave, Joseph, Isaac, William, Dan'l,—you and M'rindy come straight in the house. Now, what ailed you to let the fire go out?" she asked the boys more amiably, remembering the day.

"Hev you forgot the green goose and the gobbler? Come, it is time to hang 'em, and high time, too!"

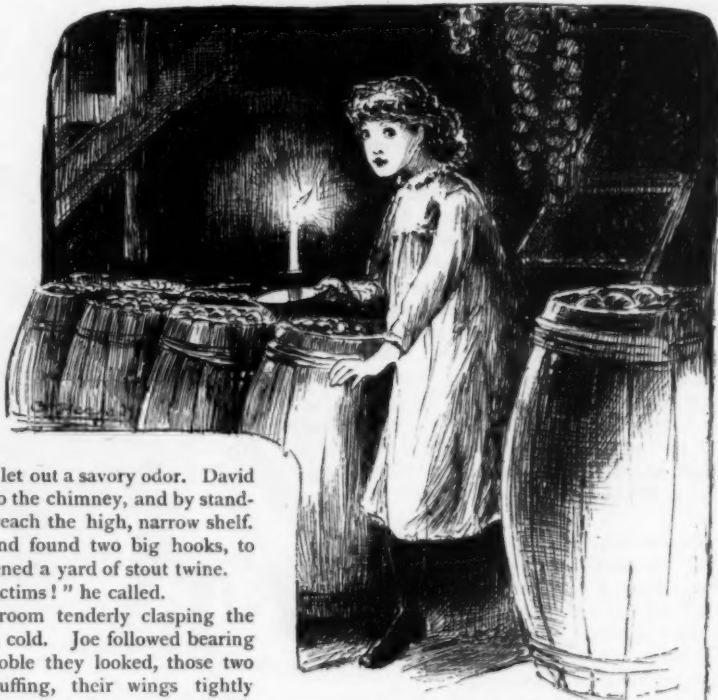
"Hurrah!" shouted Daniel, a silent youth who seldom showed enthusiasm. He now hurriedly gathered up an armful of wood and soon had a roaring fire in the great, wide stone-chimney which took up all one side of the room. There was a Dutch-oven to the right of the fire-place, the door of which, being opened, let out a savory odor. David had dragged a chair to the chimney, and by standing on it was able to reach the high, narrow shelf. Here he felt about and found two big hooks, to each of which he fastened a yard of stout twine.

"Bring forth the victims!" he called.

Isaac entered the room tenderly clasping the green goose, stiff with cold. Joe followed bearing the gobbler. How noble they looked, those two birds, portly with stuffing, their wings tightly skewered to their sides, their legs crossed with an air of beautiful resignation! The boys then hung up the birds, amid jokes and laughter in which Mrs. McKenzie joined freely—now that the pudding was off her mind. She brought two dishes and placed them under the fowls to catch the dripping. The boys sat near, delighted to hear the hissing, crackling sounds with which the goose and the gobbler roasted. The weight of the fowls caused them to twirl continually on the strings; but if one ceased for a moment the boys made haste to give it a thrust which sent it spinning and bumping against its companion or the jambs of the fire-place. Now and then Mrs. McKenzie came and basted them, with a long-

handled ladle. Meanwhile the roasting birds gave out a most appetizing smell. The boys, like young epicures as they were, could think of nothing else. Indeed it would have been difficult for the greatest sage and philosopher, seated before those fat and juicy birds, on a frosty Thanksgiving morning, to fix his thoughts elsewhere,—above all, if the Buc-touche air had given him a perpetual appetite.

Just at this auspicious moment, there was heard a sound of laughter and merry voices, the door was flung open, and with a rush of nipping air, in came



"CANDLE IN HAND, SHE WENT DOUBTFULLY FORWARD."

the five frisky McKenzie cousins, followed by bluff Uncle Jacob, who was a sea-captain, and Aunt Betsey, his wife.

In the darksome cellar, poor sulky Miranda heard all the merriment. Candle in hand, she had climbed down the steep stairway, little more than a ladder, and, turning to the right, gone doubtfully forward, testing with her feet the damp flooring which she well knew to be full of pitfalls, for the flickering candle-light was not of much use.

The cellar was large and rambling, like the old house, and divided into skeleton rooms by the great timbers which supported the partitions

above. The various stores with which country cellars abound, were distributed into these rooms, and Miranda was in search of the apple-bins. Moving this way and that, she was suddenly left in darkness, for a faint gust of air blew out her candle. To turn and go back was her first impulse, the cellar was so damp, so dark, and so terribly still. But there was much obstinate pride in Miranda. To go back before they missed her seemed like surrender. So she kept on, feeling her way, dimly making out obstacles by the faint light stealing through holes which purposely had been left, for ventilation, in the stone foundation of the house. When a barrel came under her hand she tried its contents. The first held turnips; the second, beets; and then came a wide desert of potatoes. A broad patch of light on the ground gave her a start, but it turned out to be only cabbages planted heads-up in a shallow bed of sand. In that way they were kept fresh through the winter. At last, by a sweet, spicy smell, Miranda knew that she was in the neighborhood of the apple-bins. Presently she touched the cool, juicy fruit, and taking a deep bite into a luscious apple she settled down with her back against a barrel, making believe to be comfortable. "Now I'll wait quietly here and enjoy these apples, till I hear the folks hunting for me," she said.

Can you imagine a more stupid and unpleasant way to spend Thanksgiving morning?

As she sat there in the chill silence, the same question occurred to Miranda. Little by little, with nothing to do but think, she began to change her views, to give right names to her ill-temper and her vanity, and to realize how silly her self-importance would seem in the eyes of her mother and the boys.

"I sha'n't stay here any longer. I'll go back and try, with all my might, to really help," she thought, scrambling to her feet.

Now, what follows is perfectly true, although it seems a queer thing. Miranda found that she was *lost*. Lost in the dark: wandering this way and that among the vegetables, butter-kegs, soap-tubs, and fish-barrels, groping always for the ladder leading up to the light. She strained her eyes, trying to see more plainly. A dozen times the stairs seemed just before her, but still her fingers

closed on something else. Big girl as she was — "going on eleven" — she began to cry as she wandered on without ever getting anywhere.

"Oh, where is it? Where is it?" she sobbed. "I wish I had n't come down here, — I wish I'd minded Mother!"

At that moment the stillness was broken by a



"IN CAME THE FRISKY COUSINS."

peal of laughter and the trampling of feet overhead. The sounds were subdued by the stout beams between, but still were so loud that she knew the kitchen must be just above her.

"They are all having a good time; they don't even miss me," she thought, angrily. It was a bitter, though a needed, lesson. But how to get out of the cellar? that was the question now — as to whether she was missed or not, Miranda postponed inquiring. If the kitchen were overhead,

twenty paces one way or another would lead her to the stairs. She walked straight ahead for twenty steps, and her outstretched hands met the foundation-wall. Again and again she tried, but soon the voices scattered and she no longer knew where the kitchen lay. This was after the McKenzie cousins arrived, and were taking off their things in the best room, and then racing through the hall, and then sliding down the stairs.

Miranda had swallowed the last remnant of pride. She had called for help before now; but in the continuous talking and laughter upstairs nobody heard her.

Above, the new-comers had asked and answered many questions. Ben had shot nine wild ducks; Uncle Jacob had lost half his spring lambs by the unseasonable cold; Aunt Betsey had been shown several rolls of fine homespun cloth, and had instructed her sister-in-law how to make a beautiful purple dye, in which gorgeous tint her daughter Mary Ann was arrayed—presenting the appearance of a very lively larkspur.

It was Uncle Jacob who finally said:

"Seems to me I have n't seen all hands. Why, where 's M'rindy?"

M'rindy, indeed!

Where in the world was she? And presently all the family were wondering—then searching—then whistling and shouting. Good Mrs. McKenzie had quite forgotten the morning's annoyance, and, unable to account for Miranda's disappearance, was sadly alarmed. The children formed scouting-parties and hunted through the garden, the barn, and the mill. In all the noise, nobody,

for a while, heard poor little Miranda calling out, "Here I am! In the cel-lar!"

At last Mrs. McKenzie, lifting her hand, exclaimed:

"Hush! I heard a cry."

Then every one, breathlessly listening, heard the doleful voice, choked with sobs, repeating:

"In the cel-lar!"

They rushed to the door, flung it open, and in two seconds had found the poor little lost sheep, close by the cellar-stairs. She was crying hard by this time, and they were trying their best to comfort her, proving that she was indeed loved and had been missed in her absence. But she revived as if by magic when David suddenly shouted:

"The goose and the gobbler are singed to a coal!"

Sure enough! In the excitement of the search for Miranda every one had forgotten the dinner roasting before the fire; and the flames blazing up, caught and enwrapped the devoted birds in a devouring flame.

David's lamentation, in a few minutes more, might have been literally true. Fortunately the singeing was but skin deep. The fowls were rescued, scraped, and set forth in the places of honor upon a table loaded with the best of fare, amid the jolliest bursts of laughter. When served, every one declared them excellent.

"The goose and gobbler," said the unquenchable David, "remind me of the singed cat that was better than she looked to be."

And Miranda, you may be sure, relished them far better than her fare of apples in the cellar.

THE WESTERN MEADOW-LARK.

BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

IN the spring of 1882 I was sitting one day at the door of my house on the prairies of Manitoba, watching a furious thunder-storm, accompanied by a heavy rainfall. The rolling of the thunder was so incessant that the intervals between the peals rarely reached thirty seconds; but in such silent intervals as there were, I was surprised to hear again and again the sweet melody of the prairie-lark.

Eager to find the cheery bird, I took down my telescope, and from the door surveyed the plain,

in the direction of the singing; and I at length discovered the brave little musician perched on a low twig, out in the storm. The rain was beating on his back and running in a steady stream from the end of his tail, but still he sang on, in the loud, melodious strains that have made the Western meadow-lark famous as a songster. He sat upon the bough so steadily, with one foot tucked up out of the wet, and sang with so little apparent intention of stopping on account of the weather, that I went

for paper and pencil, and, observing him through the telescope, made a sketch which I afterward finished more carefully, and now present to the reader.

The other bird, on the wing, was added to show

distinguish them, they are so unlike in voice and habits that they need not be confounded by the young naturalist. The song of the Eastern meadow-lark is a pleasing feature of the bird-concerts in the fields of eastern America; yet the song does



THE WESTERN MEADOW-LARK.

that the prairie meadow-lark also sings in the air, like a true lark.

It may be well to explain that the bird before us is very different from the common meadow-lark of the Eastern States. Though they are so much alike in appearance that none but an expert can

not give the bird a position of superiority, nor even a place in the first rank of our songsters. But the song of the Western bird is loud, wild, melodious, and varied beyond description, and will yet secure for it the highest place of all in the estimation of those who delight in bird-music.

ELSIE'S INVENTION.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

ELSIE has made an invention, and her papa, who is a lawyer, declares that she must have it patented, because, if *she* does not, somebody else will, as soon as it is seen in public. Nobody was more surprised than Papa when he was told that his little daughter had made a useful invention. He knew that she was rather ingenious in the matter of girlish devices, and she seemed to take such professional pride in the care of little Fred, her invalid brother (who had something the matter with his spine), that the whole family had long ago decided that she was destined to be either a woman doctor or a trained nurse.

They were a large family, the Holworthys. Some of them were already nearly grown and helping to earn their own living—that is, the boys were—and the older girls were at their wits' end to devise some way of doing their share. After much distress of mind they had decided that, for the present, the best they could do was to help Mamma, who, with her household cares and poor little Fred to fret her,—not to mention the other boys' clothes,—was rather overburdened at times.

Elsie, as has been said, had gradually assumed, more and more, the care of the invalid; but of late his poor little twisted spine had caused him more trouble than usual. The pillows did not seem to fit, or else they were too warm; and though the little fellow tried to be patient, Elsie saw that he was perpetually uncomfortable, and she set her brain to work to invent a remedy. She tried him in the easy-chair, tilted back, but that would not do; and in the rocking-chair, but that was worse. He was lifted into the hammock, and for a while was comfortable, for he said that it fitted nicely and was cool, and seemed to hold him in its arms; but, after a while, he slipped down toward the middle of the hammock and again the pain returned.

"Else," he said, at length, "I don't believe anything will do, unless we can melt the easy-chair, and the rocking-chair, and the bed, and the hammock, all into one. I do believe I could be comfortable in that." He did not mean to be peevish or unreasonable, but the dull, never-ceasing back-ache, and restlessness were more than he could endure; and the tears came into his eyes as Elsie stood before him watching his pale, pinched face.

"Fred," she exclaimed suddenly, after pondering a few minutes, "I believe I can do it!"

"Do what?"

"Why, melt the rocking-chair and the hammock into one. Yes, and the easy-chair and the bed too!" And she gave a little skip as her idea took definite shape.

"It won't take long to do it, and you can help. You know how we netted the hammock. Well, our new contrivance can be made in the same way. There is some twine left. I'll get the needles and mesh-sticks, and we will go right at it."

Fred was interested at once, entered heartily into the scheme, and forgot his aching back for the time; but Elsie would not tell him all her plans, because, she said, she was not very sure of them herself, and they might not succeed after all, and that would disappoint him.

There was a broken-down hammock in the garret, which entered into Elsie's calculations. Having procured this, they managed, by mending

a few rents and using a pair of shears freely, to keep pleasantly busy for an hour, and they constructed something like Fig. 1.

It was merely a little net about four feet square, with round wooden rods, about eighteen inches long, thrust through the meshes at top and bottom. To the ends of one of the rods a line was fastened, and tacks were driven into both rods to fasten the meshes so that they could not slip from side to side.

Fred could not conceive what was to be done with it.

Elsie, with the wonderful tact that made her so excellent a nurse, managed to keep his curiosity excited and at the same time to prevent his becoming cross in consequence of her refusal to explain.

"Now, I must run away with it for a few minutes," she said, when the work was done, "and when I come back it will be all ready for the 'grand combination act.' See! here is the last

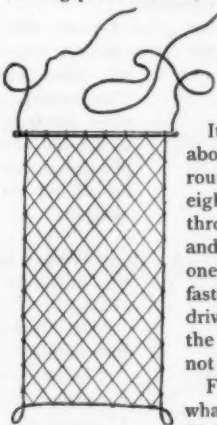


FIG. 1.

ST. NICHOLAS with the rest of the story which you began last month."

And Elsie produced the magazine, which she had thoughtfully held in reserve for some such crisis.

Fred received it eagerly and was deep in the story before she reached the door. Wearied with her long confinement, Elsie skipped down-stairs and out to the orchard, where she knew she would find some camp-stools under the "sunset tree."

Placing one of them in the shade, under a conveniently low limb of the tree, she placed the lower part of the net upon it, so that the ends of one rod rested just under the ends of the cross-pieces. Then she threw the line over the limb and hoisted the top of the net until it hung in a curve, as shown in Fig. 2. Deftly making two half-hitches (an accomplishment which her cousin, a naval cadet, had taught her), she gave a pull to see that all was secure, and then very carefully sat down and leaned back, prudently reaching up over her head and taking hold of the upper rod to prevent falling over backward.

Luckily, she had made a good guess at the correct length of the line, and she gave a little sigh of delight which turned into a half shriek as the camp-stool unexpectedly reared upon its hind legs and threatened to go over backward. However, it went just so far and no farther, and Elsie had only to place another camp-stool within reach of her feet, and her bliss was complete.

The "few minutes" were gone forever, and Elsie, wearied with her sisterly cares, and the mental labor of "contriving," slept serenely under the apple-tree in the lap of her invention.



FIG. 2.

This from the two younger boys as they came home from school. Over the stone-wall they scrambled, and with a common impulse raced down through the orchard, with difficulty suppressing a yell when they discovered their sister asleep in such a strange combination of hammock and camp-stool. She, however, waked at the rush of feet, and was at once overwhelmed with questions:

"Where did you get it?" "Who gave it to you?" "Let us try it?" Elsie was fain to give place to the boys, who, boy-like, pronounced the invention "immense!" and declared that Fred must be im-



"THE BOYS MADE HAMMOCK-BACKS FOR EVERY CAMP-STOOL ON THE PREMISES."

mediately carried out and placed in what Tom called Elsie's "self-adjusting, back-acting, hammock easy rocking-chair."

Mamma's consent was obtained, and Fred—a pitifully light-weight—was soon tenderly placed in the newly-invented chair, where, for more than an hour, he was admired by all beholders, including the entire Holworthy family, and their immediate neighbors. Before he had not been able to spend more than half an hour in the open air; but now, rocked gently by the breeze, he could not bear to be taken in-doors even at sunset, and nothing would do but to have Elsie's chair suspended from the hammock-hook in his own room, with a camp-stool to complete the arrangement. It is very singular, but he began to gain from that very day, and even the doctor says the improvement is largely due to Elsie's invention.

Of course the boys went right to work and made hammock-backs for every camp-stool on the premises. The doctor asked, and, of course, received Elsie's permission, to introduce them in the hospital; the State Medical Inspector has mentioned them in his official report, and Elsie has received so many congratulations that her brothers say she will certainly be spoiled.

But Mamma and Fred didn't think that even when she is spoiled, nobody will know it.

NOTE.—Elsie's invention may be made just as well from a strip of thin canvas or stair-cloth, of

suitable width. In the case of the latter, the material may be doubled under, forming a sort of pocket or bag to fit over the end of the camp-stool; the lower rod may, therefore, be omitted. In using a net, it will be found that the meshes will hang almost straight up and down if suspended one way, but will draw together in the middle if hung the other way. The point of suspension

may be the trunk, instead of the limb, of a tree, or a hook in a wall, or, in fact, anything that will bear a moderate weight. If a hook can be fixed in the ceiling above the head of a lounge or a bed, the hammock-back can be adjusted—the occupant sitting on the lower part—so that it makes a delightfully cool and easy support in a half-reclining posture.



A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

ONE night, an owl was prowling round
Looking for mice, when on the ground
He spied a cat, and straightway flew
Quite close to it. "Tu whit, tu whoo!"
Quoth he, "may I again ne'er stir,
If here, dressed in a coat of fur,
I do not see a four-legged owl.
Oh, what a very funny fowl!
It makes me laugh, so droll—Ha! ha!
Ha! ha!—it are,—ha! ha! ha! ha!
It are, it are, it really are
The drollest thing I've seen by far!"

"You're much mistaken, scornful sir,"
The cat said, as she ceased to purr;
"For though, like one, I often prowls
About at night, I am no owl.
And if I were, why, still would you
Be queerer creature of the two;
For you look, there's no doubt of that,
Extremely like a two-legged cat.
As for your grammar, 'pon my word
(Excuse this giggle), he-he-he-he,
It be, it be, it really be
The very worst I ever heard."



THE BIRDS' FAREWELL.

BY O. HERFORD.

OUR DEAR LITTLE MAID:

We must bid you good-bye,
For November is here, and it's time we should fly
To the South, where we have an engagement to
sing.

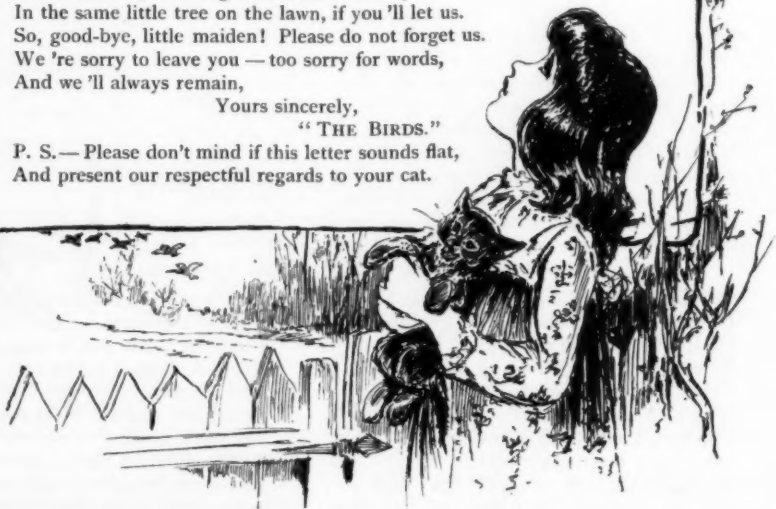
But remember this, dear, we'll return in the spring.

And if, while abroad, we hear anything new,
We'll learn it, and sing it next summer to you
In the same little tree on the lawn, if you'll let us.
So, good-bye, little maiden! Please do not forget us.
We're sorry to leave you — too sorry for words,
And we'll always remain,

Yours sincerely,

"THE BIRDS."

P. S. — Please don't mind if this letter sounds flat,
And present our respectful regards to your cat.

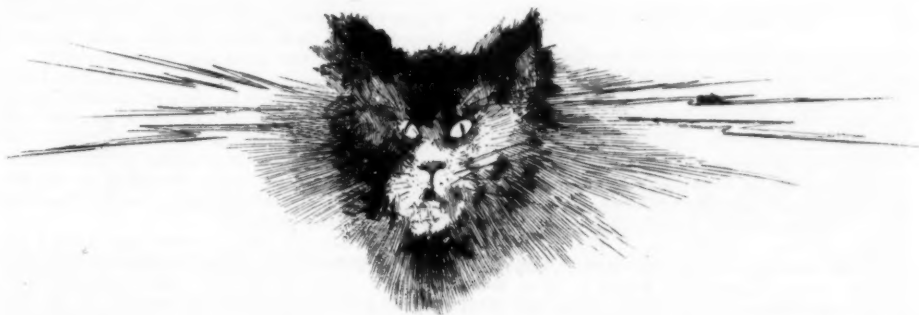




BY MARIA J. HAMMOND.

WE took our pussy's photograph,
Then one of a neighbor's cat,
And then a third, and then a fourth,—
A dozen pussies sat.
And then we took the photograph
Of every photograph;
Oh, that is often done, you know;
Indeed you need n't laugh!

We showed Mamma the last effect.
"Here is the type," we said,
"Of all the dozen pussy cats —
See what a splendid head!"
"Splendid? A terror!" cried Mamma,—
Quite frank, to say the least.
"Each puss would be a truer type
Than this composite beast!"





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

GOOD-DAY, my beloved. It is delightful to see your fresh, bright faces on this cool, clear morning. Let us open the day, together, with this pretty nutting song sent by our friend Emma C. Dowd:

Autumn has come! Now, girls and boys,
Here 's fun that 's worth a hundred joys!
Bring on your baskets and your pails,
And scamper over hills and dales
To where the good old chestnuts stand,
Dropping their gifts on every hand.

Tap! tap! the merry nuts fall fast,
No time to take a sly repast!
What fun it is! the air resounds
With eager cries and joyous sounds;
Oh, never sport deserved more praise
Than nutting on these autumn days!

After the nutting, we 'll all step across to Italy, so to speak, and take a look at

THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S.

It will be easy to do this, for the dear Little School-ma'am has sent you an extract from a delightful letter she has received from a friend now traveling in Italy. He writes from Venice, one of the loveliest cities in the world:

"The famous Doge's Palace and the beautiful Cathedral of St. Mark's are 'just around the corner,' so that we walk to them within two minutes' time. We lunched to-day in the celebrated Café Florian, in the Piazza San Marco, and afterward fed the pigeons in fine style. You can't imagine how delightful we found it. For three soldi, or pennies, you buy a little cornucopia filled with kernels, and no sooner do these pretty birds see it in your hand than they throng about you

seemingly by hundreds, certainly by scores—in the air and on the ground—eager for the treat. After scattering some grains upon the ground, I stood up and held out a handful at arm's-length—when, *whish!* with a great flutter and whirr, half-a-dozen of the lovely creatures were upon my wrist and fingers, and were emptying my palm in a jiffy, with perfect fearlessness. This attracted others, and, in a moment more, three were walking around upon my hat, and my head was the center of a small cloud of wings. I kept up this performance by filling my hand again, emptying upon my hat what was left in the paper, and the birds kept up their part, too, until we had around us quite a little ring of lounging Venetians, who seemed to enjoy the spectacle."

BIRDS' STORE-HOUSES.

SOME of my bird friends who spend their winters in Mexico have told me how the birds there manage to store and eat the acorns, of which they are as fond as robins are of strawberries. In order to save the desired morsel, the birds carry the acorns in their bills, sometimes for miles, to the steep dry sides of a mountain which in winter is covered with the hollow stalks of the last year's agave flowers. Beginning at the bottom, they bore, with their skillful beaks, little holes in these dead stalks. The holes are then filled with acorns, and by and by, when food grows scarce, our birds come back to their mountain-side store-houses, take out an acorn at a time and fly with it to a neighboring yucca-tree, in the bark of which they bore an opening large enough to hold the acorn firmly; then they can insert the nut, break it open, and eat it in comfort.

NUTS AND MOUNTAINS.

TALKING of store-houses reminds me that this morning my gay little friend the red-squirrel came out of his hiding-place in the crotch of a big elm-tree, whisking his pretty bushy tail and racing about over the elm's big branches until he had gained an appetite for his breakfast; and then he went into his store-house and brought forth a last year's hickory-nut, carrying it in his cheek until he came to a spot which suited him for a dining-room. There he seated himself saucily, curled his tail up over his back in a jaunty fashion, took the nut in his handy little fore-paws and began to eat it.

While Mr. Squirrel was munching the nut, I wondered if he knew what an ancient ancestry the nut can claim. Probably he did not know, and very possibly he would not care anything about it; but it is true that the ancestors of the hickory-nut that he was relishing so much, flourished in the land long before the great ribs of the Rocky Mountains had risen above the sea.

—How is that? How is *what*, my chicks? Oh, that about the Rocky Mountains having risen above the sea? Well, the fact is, I once heard the Little School-ma'am speak of the matter to the Red school-house boys, but I can not remember the confusing particulars now. Ask your geologies.

THE SPIDER AND THE WASP.

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I saw something this morning which may be as interesting to your boys and girls as it was to me.

I was sitting on the piazza, watching the bathers, when I happened to see a wasp fly through a spider's web, and wasp and spider came to the ground together. This seemed unusual to me; but I thought it an accident, and watched idly to see how long it would take the spider to vanquish the wasp, which seemed to be struggling. The spider was what I would call quite a large one of the kind that is so frequently seen in sheltered corners out-of-doors. The wasp was not an ordinary one; it was small, the body striped white and black, and not so "wasp-waisted" as the kind I have generally seen. After struggling an instant, the wasp broke away from the spider, but the latter lay motionless. Then I was curious, and awaited the sequel. Some other ladies who were with me were afraid of the wasp and tried to kill it, but I begged them not to, so fortunately I saw the end. The wasp flew away, frightened by the ladies' parasols, but quickly came back and hunted around till it found the spider, which had never moved, although it did not look as if it were dead, as its legs were not curled up, which is always the case when I kill a spider. The wasp next dragged the spider, which certainly must have weighed considerably more than itself, a little distance, then finally lifted it and flew off. It was evidently a deliberate attack and capture on the part of the wasp.

I know it is the habit of the species of wasp called "mud-dauber" to capture small spiders, but they are generally the soft-webbers—green ones which live in the trees. This was a large, hairy, brown spider.

I read a little article of Mr. Burroughs's, as to the habits of some spiders, in a recent number of *ST. NICHOLAS*. Although interesting, I dislike them exceedingly. The performance of this morning, however, appeared to me such a reversal of the usual order of things that I thought you might like to tell the true story to your crowds of readers. I am a "grown up," but I always read *ST. NICHOLAS*, and have read it for fifteen years.

Your constant reader, S. K.

"AN ILL WEED NEEDS NO NURSING."

THAT'S what I heard a farmer say this morning when he looked at a great bed of thistles that were smiling away on a fertile hill-side. They were all purple with bloom, and I thought they looked very pretty; but the farmer called them ill weeds and caused them to be mown down. He said that there are too many of them; that from the North Pole to the Equator they grow and blossom and send their white-winged seeds flying as if the whole earth belonged to them. He said there is no climate nor country where thistles are not to be found. Is that in accord with your observations, my hearers?

WHY DOES THE NETTLE STING?

A BEE has told me—and the bee ought to know, for he too has a sting, and uses it—that long, long ago, the nettle was a peaceful plant, as unoffending as a blade of grass, but that, living in constant fear of being browsed upon by donkeys, trampled underfoot by cattle, plucked by children, or grubbed up root and all by the farmer, its temper—poor thing!—became forever soured, and at last drove it into a restless, feverish, waspish habit of stinging everybody who touched it.

Bees, you see, have a little fun in them, after all, though you are not apt to think so while they are stinging you.

ANOTHER BIG GRAPE-VINE.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

MY DEAR JACK: I read in your last number about a large grape-vine in England, and I thought I would write and tell you about Santa Barbara's grape-vine. It is forty-six inches around the trunk, and forty tons of grapes were gathered from it last year. It is fifty-two years old. My sister Lou and I take riding-lessons. We live in Albuquerque, New Mexico, but are spending the summer here.

Your loving reader, NELLIE E. H.—

THE DEACON AND THE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

WHO threw this queer jingle upon my pulpit? It must have been some one who knows the Deacon as well as the Little School-ma'am. But everybody knows them; and so—

Ah, I know! It was somebody in sympathy with the artist who drew the picture that came at the same time! Now, for the jingle:

"You are old, my dear deacon," the school-ma'am remarked,

"And studies with youth pass away;

Yet you're quite in advance of the books, I am sure,—

Now tell me the reason, I pray."

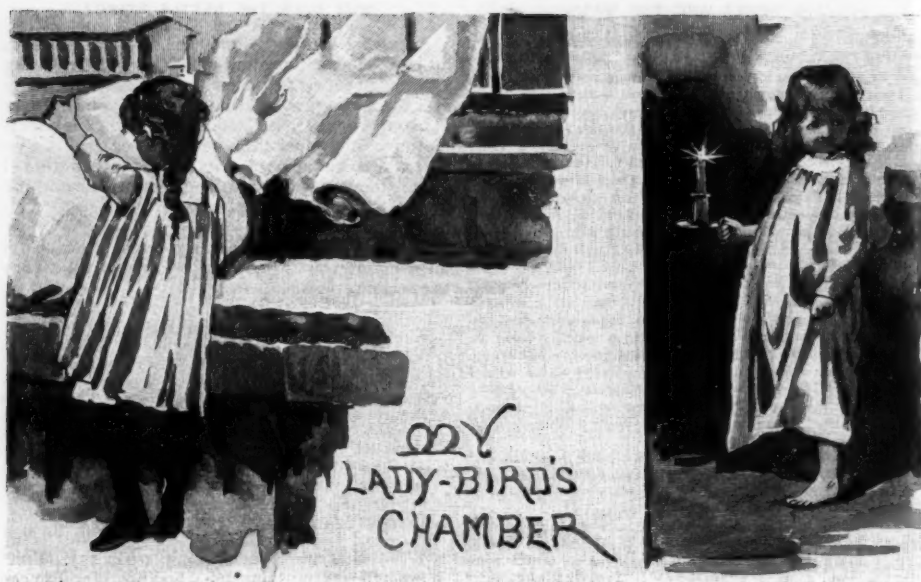
"In the days of my youth," the good deacon replied,

"I was fleetest of foot in my set;

And I ran on ahead of my studies so fast

That they've never caught up with me yet."





HOUSEKEEPING SONGS. No. VII.

WORDS BY MARY J. JACQUES.

MUSIC BY T. C. H.

Andantino con moto.

1. Come up in - to La - dy - Bird's cham - ber, The sun and the wind, long a -

mp

Con Pedale.

wake, ... Are play - ing bo - peep at her win - dows, And La - dy - Bird's bed is to

cres.

rit. *a tempo.* *eres.*

make... So spread up the lav - en - dered lin - en, With blank - ets tucked in at the

rit. *a tempo.*

f *p* *rit.* *a tempo.*

toes,.... And wish her the soft - est of slum - bers, For La - dy - Bird's sweet as a

f *p* *rit.* *a tempo.*

rit..... *et*.... *dim.*.... *pp*

rose, For La - dy - Bird's sweet as a rose....

rit..... *et*.... *dim.*.... *dim.* *pp* *rit.* *ppp*

II.

The haunts of the wild-bee and woodbird
 Are ringing all day with her glee;
 When down in her white nest she cuddles,
 With a sigh and a smile — lost is she!
 Then shake up the drowsy old bolster,
 And plump it across at the head,
 And pat-pat the downy white pillows,
 To dress up my Lady-Bird's bed,
 To dress up my Lady-Bird's bed.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION, as most of you know, is a union of local societies which have been organized for the study of nature by personal observation.

It is not for the sake of any money you may make out of it that we advocate the study of nature. If it were, our association must change its name; for Louis Agassiz used to say that he had "no time to make money." We urge you to join us in this study for the sake of learning what is true. We honor those who set knowledge above "gold and the crystal," and esteem the price of wisdom "above rubies." There is great pleasure in the mere seeking of truth. There is a delight in all discovery.

Now, nature offers to every one of us new gifts every day. No matter how long a beetle may have been known to others, until you have found it for yourself, it is not old to you. So, too, although the species may be familiar, each new specimen has the charm of novelty.

But besides the pleasure of learning, it has been found that one who studies nature aright greatly improves his powers of attention, discrimination, and reasoning. The right way to study nature is to use your own eyes instead of depending upon printed accounts of what somebody else has seen with his. It is a lazy boy who hires another to do his fishing for him. To depend upon the observation of others will no more increase your mental powers than it would improve your muscular development if a friend should swing Indian clubs for you. To one who tries to get all his knowledge of nature from books, everything comes at second-hand; nothing comes to him as his own discovery. There is no joy in it, and but little benefit. That is why the Agassiz Association always insists upon "personal observation"; which is simply a Latinized way of saying, using your own eyes to see what you can see.

This statement should make plain the nature of the work expected from the little clubs we are organizing in so many cities and towns. The members are to search and find out what there is of interest within, say, five miles of home.

In order to do this, they will make excursions after flowers, minerals, insects, or whatever they most care about, and perhaps make a map show-

ing just where each sort may be found. Of course, they will find a few books useful to help them learn the names of what they find; they will need a cabinet in which to keep their treasures; and they will be glad to have wise men lecture to them now and then, and explain the things that are too hard to study out for themselves. I can not see that it would do any great harm even if every town and village in the land should have its Natural Science Club, with a little library and museum, and with wide-awake members ready at any time to give the curious traveler an account of all the interesting objects to be found in an afternoon's walk, and able to show him specimens of each variety, nicely preserved, accurately classified, and neatly labeled. All who have read ST. NICHOLAS carefully for a few years past, know that the Agassiz Association has organized societies of this sort very successfully, and that the boys and girls—yes, and their parents and teachers, too—have found much recreation in these clubs, and learned much natural history and natural science, as well.

During this very year, and since I last wrote to you about our Association, more than a hundred new clubs or "Chapters" have been added to our roll—and that means more than a thousand new members. You see, there must be at least four in a chapter, and there may be as many more as are desired. One of our chapters, in New Brunswick, N. J., has more than four hundred members, with about a dozen professors to guide them, and there are microscopes, and stereopticons, and all sorts of instruments to aid them in their studies.

After a number of these little clubs are fairly at work in any large city, or throughout a State, they often wish to become better acquainted with one another, and so the clubs hold joint-meetings occasionally, and they call these large united gatherings "Assemblies."

These Assemblies elect their own officers, and hold regular conventions. One of the largest has been formed this year by combining the various societies in Massachusetts. We had a very successful convention in Boston on Decoration Day. This holiday happens to occur within a few days of Agassiz's birthday, which is very pleasant and convenient for us. There was an address from Professor Hyatt, of the Boston Society of Natural

History, a man deservedly popular with young people; and one from Professor Crosby, who has been conducting for our benefit a very interesting course of lessons in mineralogy, extending over more than a year (for which lessons he furnishes the specimens and necessary instruments). Professor Morse, of Salem, the author of an excellent book on the study of zoölogy, also lectured to us. Professor Morse's son is a member of a very active chapter of the Agassiz Association, so active that it organized a stock company of boys and built a house for their meetings. Dr. Lincoln, who is now helping the members of our Boston Assembly to make a thorough study of all minerals to be found within ten miles of the Boston State House, was also one of our instructors.

Another of our recently formed Assemblies is the State Assembly of New Jersey. Rev. L. H. Light-hipe is president of this Assembly, and while I write (August 10th), he is conducting a well-attended sea-side meeting. It is to continue for a week. Every morning the members make an excursion, under the lead of some expert, and may have the choice of Botany, Entomology, or Microscopy. Every afternoon they gather in the large Educational Hall, and examine their "finds," with the assistance of the Professor who led them in the morning. Every evening they attend a lecture, usually illustrated by the gas-microscope, or by the stereopticon. Professor Austen, the president of the New Brunswick Chapter, has been very helpful in organizing and managing this pleasant sea-side Assembly.

The Iowa State Assembly is about to hold its fifth annual convention. Iowa conventions are always successful. All the chapters send delegates, who bring to the meeting not only carefully written reports of the work the chapters have done during the year, but also the finest of the specimens collected. The young men, and young women, too, give most interesting accounts of their studies, illustrating them with specimens, original drawings, diagrams, and maps. Then there is a dinner, a meeting for the practical demonstration of their methods of work, and one or two excursions. This Assembly offers three prizes each year for the best work done in any chapter since the previous convention.

I must not stop to give in detail accounts even of all our large Assemblies; still less can I undertake to tell of the individual chapters. Among so many, it would be impossible to select single ones for special praise. Merely by way of illustration, however, I may mention Chapter No. 3, of Frankford, Philadelphia, which, under the lead of John Shallcross and Robert T. Taylor, has maintained itself in full vigor since the first year

of our extension beyond Massachusetts, and which was instrumental in founding the Philadelphia Assembly, the first Assembly in the Association.

The "Manhattan Chapter," of New York City, is a noteworthy illustration of what young people can do without aid. This society has grown from a handful of boys, meeting from house to house, into a club of a hundred young men, renting rooms at No. 103 Lexington Avenue, and exhibiting there a fine collection fairly representing the natural productions of Manhattan Island. This chapter, like all others, is glad to welcome visitors to its rooms.

The largest chapter in Massachusetts is No. 448, of Fitchburg, with a hundred and fifty members. This chapter has published a handsome pamphlet, giving an account of all the flowering plants to be found in the vicinity.

A new sort of club has been devised and put into successful operation during the year. Chapters of this sort are called "Corresponding Chapters." They are composed of members who do not live in the same town, but are united by their common interest in the same study. The first of these was the Archæological Chapter. Its President is Hilborne T. Cresson, of Philadelphia; Vice-president, Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, N. J.; Secretary, A. H. Leitch, of Dayton, O. The members of this club are grown men; and they propose, under the auspices and general direction of the Peabody Museum, of Cambridge, to preserve ancient mounds from the spade of the vandal and the speculator, until they can be properly and scientifically explored under competent supervision. Two other corresponding chapters recently added are the Gray Memorial Chapter, for the study of botany, and the Isaac Lea Memorial Chapter, for the study of shells.

It is worthy of mention that from the beginning the girls and women have kept equal step with the boys and men, not only in patient and thorough work in field and laboratory but also in the work of organization and direction. Many ladies are efficient secretaries, curators, or presidents of chapters, and one girl has held with honor the office of president of a State Assembly.

We have been asked why we favor the establishment of societies. Why should not the study be carried on by individuals? All true study, it is claimed by these critics, is prosecuted in solitude and silence. Great books are not written by a society of authors; poets do not sing in chorus; artists do not paint in clubs; and the light of scientific discovery has come to the world in little flashes of illumination, which have fallen singly upon the minds of silent and lonely thinkers.

There is much truth in this argument, and there

can be no good work done either in or out of any society unless each separate worker acts and thinks for and by himself. Yet there are important advantages which are secured by united effort. Every one who finds anything that interests him, wants some one to whom he can show it. A pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled. Thus, at the meetings of our clubs, each member has a friendly audience to listen to the results of his private study. Then, too, when several friends join in a society they are often able to buy more expensive books and instruments than any could afford alone. A library may be had, a microscope bought, a lecturer secured, a room rented, a building erected. Think, too, of the pleasure of these social gatherings, often enlivened by music and song; think of the pleasant excursions, picnics or field-meetings, and the occasional evening receptions.

Besides, when we bring several of these local clubs into fellowship with one another through correspondence, exchanges, or a convention now and then, the pleasures and benefits are greatly increased, and many things are done which no single chapter could do. Storms can be traced and their courses represented on maps; erratic boulders can be tracked to their ancient homes; the routes of travel of birds and insects can be followed for hundreds of miles, and facts of interest gathered in every department of science.

One of the most important features of the last year's work has been in this direction. Simple blanks have been sent to different chapters, with the request that they be filled out with records of local observation in particular branches. One boy has prepared a set of blanks on which different observers are writing accounts of all the dragonflies they may see, telling the place where each specimen was found, its name, description, habits, etc., and other members have prepared similar blanks for records of observations on birds and minerals. In this way distant parts of the country are brought into friendly acquaintance, and boys of Maine and boys of Florida, girls of California and girls of Massachusetts, become interested in learning one another's thoughts, and in giving one another information and assistance.

Perhaps a more definite idea of what our boys and girls find in their rambles may be gained from a list of a few of the topics upon which members have made original notes during the year. From hundreds may be named these: Two Rare Fossils from Catskill, Rose-Leaf Galls, White Blackbirds, Ivy-Blossoms, Curious Trees, Animals that do not Drink, Do Salmon Eat Birds? Complementary Colors, An Abnormal Cabbage-Leaf, A Living Barometer, Rainbow and Sun-Dogs, Double Adder's-Tongue, New Jersey Butterflies, Eggs of the Cray-fish, Colorado Ants, Floating Pollen, A Double Stinger, Frost Pictures, An Experience with a Heron, A White Weasel, A Strange Mouse, Girls in a Silver-Mine.

In closing this brief report, I wish, in behalf of the Agassiz Association, again to invite all who are in any way interested in the study of Nature to join us, either by organizing societies in their own towns; or, if that be impossible, by joining as individuals. All are welcome, from the oldest to the youngest. We have a council of fifty scientists always ready to receive from our members questions about whatever may puzzle them, and these gentlemen are eager to give all the help they can. We are just about to begin a course of simple observation-lessons in botany, open to all our members. The plan is to send to every one who takes the course a set of perhaps fifty specimens, nicely prepared, with printed instructions on the proper way of so observing them as to see all that can be seen, and for telling in the proper way all that is seen—and nothing more. To all who would like to consider the question of joining the Association, we will send, free, papers giving full directions for organizing a club or a chapter, or for joining alone. We will also send, until the supply is exhausted, an excellent wood-engraving of Agassiz, representing him examining a sea-urchin. This picture is printed on one of the papers of information, but is one of the best likenesses of Professor Agassiz in existence. All who are interested may address:

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION,
50 South Street,
Pittsfield, Mass.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WHITTIER, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for nearly seven years, this is my first attempt at a letter, and I think it will have the honor of being the first sent to the "Letter-box" from Whittier, as our little town is scarcely a year old, although it has nearly a thousand inhabitants. We think it has one of the prettiest locations possible, at the foot of the Puente Hills, about twenty miles from the Pacific, which can be plainly seen. On clear days, we can easily count the vessels in San Pedro Harbor, twenty miles away. And the Santa Catalina Island, thirty-five miles from shore, is in sight nearly all the time. The town is five hundred feet above sea-level and overlooks the beautiful Los Nietos and Santa Anna valleys with their orange orchards, vineyards, etc. The hills are fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, and with their lovely, although small, canyons afford splendid opportunities for picnicking and "exploring." We girls are very fond of the latter, and there are very few of the pretty spots within an afternoon's walk with which we are unacquainted. The greater portion of the inhabitants of Whittier are Friends, or Quakers; consequently the most appropriate name for the settlement was that of the great "Quaker Poet," and all true Whittierites love the name of the town almost as well as the town itself. The Friends' College, to be erected on the Pacific Coast and to cost \$100,000, is located at Whittier, and the grading of the grounds for the buildings is nearly completed. The college is on quite a high hill and will be visible for miles. "The Greenleaf" is our best hotel, and it is said to be one of the best in the southern part of the State, with exception of those in the larger cities. I am fourteen years old and my native State is Iowa, but I have also lived in Kansas and Texas. I like California best, however, for here we have only to turn around to see ocean, mountains, and valley, perpetual snow and perpetual summer. I am afraid my description of the country is rather "dry," but if this is published I will write again about one of our many excursions, picnics, etc. I wish that more of your Northern readers were in this land of sunshine, for I am sure that they would enjoy it as well as I do. *Adios*, dear ST. NICHOLAS, with love and best wishes from your California friend and constant reader,
LOU H—

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to write you a letter, and tell you how much I enjoy reading the ST. NICHOLAS.

Our mails from San Francisco come twice a month, and sometimes we have to wait for the papers. The stories I have liked the best are "Sara Crewe," "Santa Claus in the Pulpit," and "The Clocks of Rondaine."

I think it is very good of you to publish letters from little girls and boys. Reading these letters made me want to write, too, so that I could have mine published also.

I have lived in Southern California and in Honolulu. I like Honolulu better; it is not so warm in summer, nor so cold in winter. I must not write too long a letter this time.

From your admiring reader,
CLARENCE H. S—

MANITOWOC, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, and will be twelve years old next Saturday. I live near the shore of Lake Michigan. There are high, sandy banks along the shore, and the sand-swallows build nests in them. Sometimes the crows rob the nests.

Once I saw three crows catch a young swallow and tear it to pieces. The swallows were in great distress, but could not defend their young. Some blackbirds drove the crows away.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. I shall be pleased if you print this.

Yours truly,
J. M. A—

BLACKSTONE.

DEAR OLD SAINT: For you are truly a saint to the children, big and little. I suppose I must be called one of the big ones, as I am eighteen; but I am just as fond of you as when I was eight. And such a *help* as you have been to me. For the past year, I have taken a good deal of interest in history and astronomy, and Proctor's articles on astronomy, and the pieces entitled "Boy Heroes of Cr cy and Potiers," "Windsor Castle," "Little Louis the Dauphin," "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table," and numerous other articles in your past pages, have been of great interest and help to me. We have all the volumes bound, from the very first, and their handsome scarlet bindings make a very pretty show in our book-case. I have a little niece who is two years old, and the first book she knew

to call by name was "ST. NICKY." One day, when she was only about a year and one-half old, she said to Mamma, "P'ease go down to Ganna's and see SA' NICKY!" She loves the "Brownies," and can tell the Dude and Chinaman. My younger sister calls Mr. Cox, "Uncle Palmer."

How much we shall all miss our dear Miss Alcott!
Your interested reader,
MOLLY B—

DEAR ST. NICK: I have seen several stories of little folks in your "Letter-box," and thought I would write you some of the funny sayings of our Baby Kate, who is three years old.

One night she wanted to go to her auntie's; "But Kate, it is dark," said Mamma. "Dark dot no mouf; dark dot no teafs; dark tan't bite," was baby's answer.

She mixes the parts of speech; for instance, she told me, one day, "Polly very bad dirl; she Papa told she not to bloke she umbrella; her dil."

She always calls the spring of water the "spring time."

Her papa called her his "sunshine," but she improved on it, and when some one called her "a fraud," she answered, "No, I is n't a *frug*, I 'se papa shine daughter!"

And, indeed, she is a "shine daughter" for us all.

AUNTIE.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am afraid I am rather old to write to you, as I am nearly seventeen; but as I still read and love your magazine very much, my age does not matter, I suppose.

I live in Hawthorn, one of the many suburbs of Melbourne, and as I am an only child, I have a grand time.

The school to which I have been going for six years, is to be given up at midwinter, to my great distress, as by that I shall lose my best friend, Muriel, the daughter of my school-mistress. There are to be some nice tableaux at our breaking-up, instead of the usual French or German play. There is to be "Rosalind in Arden," "Hermione," "Present, Past, and Future," and "Rebecca and Rowena." We were to have had Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," but we found that there were not enough "fair" girls in the school.

All the Melbourne people are looking forward eagerly to our grand exhibition of August; there are great preparations for it going on now, and the building is growing enormous. The pictures are what I shall specially love, as I am very fond of painting, and like your beautiful illustrations so much. Senhor Loureiro, a Portuguese artist, teaches me drawing and painting at school, and I am very fond of drawing little pictures from your magazine, as birthday-cards. Those by Mr. Birch, in "Sara Crewe" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," are my especial favorites. I take great delight in reading, and should like to travel all over the world to see the places described in books. There is a splendid rink close by our house, where my friends and I often skate; I am very fond indeed of it.

I remain, your interested reader,
MAGGIE M—

BOULDER VALLEY, M. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live up in the Rocky Mountains. This valley was named Boulder Valley because there is here, in great quantities, a kind of gray rock called boulders.

I have two sisters and brother; my brother and younger sister are twins, six years old, and my other sister is eight years old, and I am ten. We all enjoy your stories very much.

With love and best wishes,
ANNIE L. P—

POTTSVILLE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls of seven and eight years. We can not write, so Mamma is doing it for us. We love ST. NICHOLAS very much. Last summer Papa bought us a dear little pony. Her name is "Gypsy."

We like the "Brownies" very much, they are so cute. We have just come home from Europe. We were there all winter. We like London better than any of the other cities, because they speak English there. Once while we were in a bazar, we got lost from Mamma, and we could not find her again. A gentleman asked us what was the matter. We told him, and he wished to know where we lived. We did not know where the hotel was. The gentleman did not know what to do. Just then we heard some one ask, at the counter back

of us, if they had seen two little girls straying around, and there was Mamma. This is the first letter we have ever written to our dear St. NICHOLAS, and we hope it will be printed, as it is a surprise for Papa. Your little readers,
LILY AND VIOLET DE K—.

ST. NICHOLAS can not announce before next month the name of the winner of the ten-dollar prize for the best King's Move Puzzle. But meanwhile, we present herewith a King's Move Puzzle of one hundred and sixty-nine squares, sent to us by an English friend who signs herself "Monica." She says "the number of ways in which St. NICHOLAS may be spelled in it is over eight thousand." Can our mathematical young friends tell whether "Monica" is right?

S	A	L	O	H	C	I	C	H	O	L	A	S
A	L	O	H	C	I	N	I	C	H	O	L	A
L	O	H	C	I	N	T	N	I	C	H	O	L
O	H	C	I	N	T	N	T	N	I	C	H	O
H	C	I	N	T	N	I	N	T	N	I	C	H
C	I	N	T	N	I	A	I	N	T	N	I	C
I	N	T	N	I	A	S	A	I	N	T	N	I
C	I	N	T	N	I	A	I	N	T	N	I	C
H	C	I	N	T	N	I	N	T	N	I	C	H
O	H	C	I	N	T	N	T	N	I	C	H	O
L	O	H	C	I	N	T	N	I	C	H	O	L
A	L	O	H	C	I	N	I	C	H	O	L	A
S	A	L	O	H	C	I	C	H	O	L	A	S

WASHINGTON, D. C.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps some of your readers would be interested to see in the "Letter-box" an account of General Sheridan's funeral.

It would be more complete if I could give an account of the services in the church, but I was not one of the few who received tickets of admission.

The day the funeral party arrived from Nonquitt, we went down to St. Matthew's Church to see the body taken into it. After some waiting, policemen cleared the side of the street in which the church stands, and soon the bell began to toll. A few mounted policemen rode ahead of the escort. Then came the cavalry, which drew up in line opposite the church. Then came the caisson, bearing the casket, covered with a flag, and upon the flag were the General's chapeau, sash, and sword. The caisson was surrounded by a guard, and followed by carriages containing those who had been at the station to receive the train. There was a very brief service, during which the cavalry remained drawn up outside. Then all but the guard left the church, and at the word of command, the cavalry rode away. The next day the church was open to the public. The galleries were hung with flags, draped with black. At the altar a red light was cast over the flags hung there. At the back of the church some yellow cavalry-flags were draped. Fastened to the head of the catafalque was the General's headquarters' flag, draped, of course. The casket was beautiful in its simplicity. The flag, falling completely over one side, hid the heavy draping and gold handles which were visible on the other. On each side of the catafalque stood a small table, supporting draped candelabra, in which candles were burning. An officer stood at the head of the catafalque, and another sat in one of the front pews. In another pew were two members of the "Loyal Legion." These constituted the guard of honor.

On the morning of the funeral the streets around the church and along which the procession was to move were crowded, but the police kept the sidewalks all around the church clear. As I did not stand near the church, I did not hear the Marine Band play when the casket was borne from it.

As usual, the mounted policemen rode at the head of the proces-

sion; then General Schofield, leading the cavalry. The artillery followed, and after it the bands, with the Marine Band in advance. Only the drum and fife were used. Next came the foot-artillery, marching with arms reversed. All the principal officers had knots of crapes fastened to the hilts of their swords. Two large flags, with the names of many battles inscribed on them, were carried, heavily draped, in the procession. The carriages containing the clergy and pallbearers followed; then the caisson, drawn by four horses, and surrounded by a guard. On it was the flag-covered casket, on which still lay the chapeau, sash, and sword of the dead hero. Following closely was the beautiful bay horse "Guy," saddled and bridled, with the General's boots fastened to the sides, toes pointing to the rear. In size the horse reminded me of the pictures of the horse on which Sheridan took his famous ride. He was led by a sergeant of cavalry. Poor fellow! — unlike the other horses, impatient from long standing, and in some cases, almost ungovernable — "Guy" hung his head and followed with slow steps, as if fully realizing that the master he loved would never mount him again.

Carriages followed containing Mrs. Sheridan, the family, the President and Mrs. Cleveland, the Diplomatic Corps, the Committees from Congress, friends of the family, some of the servants, and others. I did not go to Arlington, and know no more of the services there than the papers have told.

I hope I have not made this too long to print, and that it will interest some of your readers.

Your admiring reader and friend,

ISABELLA C—.

CALDWELL, N. J.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl thirteen years old. We live in the country, and have had many different pets. At one time we had a young alligator, but one day, being left too long in the sun, it died. I have a sister who, when she was little, said many funny things. On being told that we had the eggs of shad, she asked if Annie (the cook) took the shells off before she cooked them. On going for the first time through a tunnel, in the train, she exclaimed to her nurse, "Oh! I don't want to go to bed yet!" This is the first year we have taken you, but we have read the bound volumes. I think you are just splendid, and enjoy reading you very much.

Your faithful reader,

FLORENCE R—.

ST. ALBANS, VT.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nearly twelve years old, and have taken you for five years. I enjoy you so much. I thought "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was just lovely.

I own an engine and boiler which are quite powerful. It is a three-horse-power boiler, and instead of being heated by coal, it is heated by gas. The engine is a pony power and is very neat. I can run many machines with it.

I also own an Indian pony which is not very beautiful, but his strength makes up for it.

Your interested reader,

WORTH S—.

P. S.—We call him "Broncho."

LAKE ROLAND, MARYLAND.
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have been taking you ever since '74, which I believe was your first year, I have never written to you before. I always enjoy reading the letters, from boys all over the world, in your "Letter-box." I am just "half-past" twelve now, so you see I am not the first subscriber from our family.

I have been exploring the country all summer on my bicycle, and have enjoyed it, in spite of some of the "headers" I have had. I always enjoy the stories in your jolly magazine, and especially those about boys' outdoor sports. I often lend you to my friends who do not take you, and every fellow thinks you are the best magazine out. We play base-ball a great deal here, also tennis, lacrosse, polo, and cricket; and in very warm weather we go swimming in a lovely fresh-water lake near by. I would rather play base-ball than anything else. I hope I shall always be young enough to read St. NICHOLAS, and I think I shall. With the hope that you will find room for this if it is worth printing, I am,

Your interested reader,

EUGENE A—.

WE present our thanks to the young friends whose names here follow, for pleasant letters received from them:

Leah Tuttle, Gertie Doud, Walter Naish, Elsie, Louis J. Hall and Thos. W. Hatch, A. Julia G., Millie and Sue, Josie Meighan, Georgiana M., Tessie and Winnie, P. W. Arnold, Norah Gilhooley, Frederika M., E. Gertie Smith, Lulu King Whitney, A. C. L. and G. H., Hugh P. Tiemann, and Elisabeth D. Montague.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

EASY BEHEADINGS. 1. H-owl. 2. H-elm. 3. H-all. 4. H-old.
5. H-are. 6. H-ill. 7. H-art.
DIAMOND IN A DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. His. 3. Horal. 4. Pirates.
5. Sated. 6. Led. 7. S.
MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTIC. All-Saints' eve. Cross-words: 1. Aso-
pus. 2. Latona. 3. Lemnos. 4. Somnus. 5. Aurora. 6. Icarus.
7. Nestor. 8. Thalia. 9. Scylla. 10. Europa. 11. Vulcan.
12. Erebus.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. B. 2. Dot. 3. Laura. 4. Darling. 5. Bou-
langer. 6. Trinket. 7. Anger. 8. Get. 9. R. II. 1. C. 2. Low.
3. Lamar. 4. Lamprel. 5. Companion. 6. Warning. 7. Reine.
8. Log. 9. N. III. 1. M. 2. Gar. 3. Caged. 4. Garners. 5. Mag-
nolias. 6. Reeling. 7. Drink. 8. Sag. 9. S.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Coleridge.

A PYRAMID. From 1 to 7, trumper; 13 to 8, Harold; 14 to 9,
ebony; 15 to 10, risk; 16 to 11, mee (k); 17 to 12, as; 18, L.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and
should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—"Trix
and Prim"—"Wakametoa"—Mary and Mabel Osgood—Jamie and Mamma—"Lehte"—Ada C. H.—Blanche and Fred—A. Fiske
and Co.—Miss Flint—Mary Beard—Louise Ingham Adams—"Alpha Zeta"—Nellie L. Howes.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Paul Reese, 12—A. and S. Johnson, 2—
E. H. Rossiter, 2—M. E. Dalgleish, 1—Sue F., 1—Marie and Aline, 1—Yula Campbell, 1—D. Bostwick and B. Southworth, 1—
"Edgemere," 12—Marion, 3—"Roseba," 3—A. Schmidt, 1—A. M., S. R., and A. L. Bingham, 8—Ellershouse, 5—Esther W.
Ayres, 1—"Professor and Co.," 5—Ida Wallace, 1—"May and 79," 12—J. W. Frothingham, Jr., 1—J. R. Williamson, 1—Irma
B., 1—"Patty-pan and Kettledrum," 7—Etta Reilly, 2—"Punch and Judy," 2—D. N. S. Barney, 1—Effe K. Talboys, 7—
"Grandma," 10—"Infantry," 11—"Two Little Sisters," 2—W. A. Jurgens, 1—"The Currant Pickers," 12—Mary L. Warren, 1—
"Monell," 1—Clayton and Perry Risley, 4—Lillie, 4—Carolina M. G., 1—"Jo and I," 10—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel, 7—Ethel
West, 1—No Name, Westerly, 2—"Hypatia," 1—"Yodie Club," 11—Mary W. Stone, 12.

CONCEALED AUTHORS.

THREE names are concealed in each sentence.

1. A boy in a picture-shop opened a portfolio and came across an
engraving of Lake Como or Erie—he did not know which—and
bought it to adorn his mother's cottage, which he liked to decorate.
2. Please tell Mr. Colby, rendezvous will be sung by Emil to-night;
one coming from Cabul we received to-day.

3. In Auburn some lady told me that she hid a number of
houses of mice by using poison; and that, she told Mr. Ladd, is only
one of the many ways to get rid of the pests.

4. It was to welcome the bald, rich man that a bee cherished a
desire to walk on the poor man's head.

5. The ancestral cot, that I was born in, is still standing. In front
of the same, there is a superb urn Ettie bought to mark the grave of
our pet dog, "Hero," extolling his many virtues and telling of our
sorrow at his loss.

6. When William on his travels sets out he, yearly, visits foreign
lands, and states that in Morocco operas are presented on a grand
scale, for he has seen a representation of Moscow perfectly flawless
in all its details. STANHOPE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials name a king of Jerusalem, and my initials name a town
of India.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An ancient city in Assyria. 2. The sister of
Ptolemy Philadelphus. 3. A daughter of Priam. 4. An ancient
name for the Spanish town of Denia. 5. An artist made famous by
his pictures of ideal rural life. 6. Without sense. 7. A famous city
said to have been founded by Nimrod.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

TAKE one word from another, and leave a complete word. Exam-
ple: Take to send forth, from a hermit, and leave before. Answer,
Er-emit-e.

1. Take one of a certain tribe of Indians from put into confusion by
defeat, and leave a perch. 2. Take to disencumber from a spear
with three prongs, and leave a pavilion. 3. Take the Roman divini-
ty of plenty, who was the wife of Saturn, from a disease, and leave
arid. 4. Take quick from to secure, and leave to make well.

5. Take a snake-like fish from navigating, and leave a sovereign.
6. Take to perform from custom, and leave estimation. 7. Take a
sailor from setting out, and leave to pain acutely. 8. Take a fluid
from conniving, and leave the side of an army. 9. Take the sum-

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Autumn tints. Cross-words: 1. bAr-
row. 2. sUnset. 3. sTring. 4. tUrkey. 5. iMages. 6. aNchor.
7. sTature. 8. fIshes. 9. sNails. 10. sTudio. 11. iSland.

RHOMBoids: I. ACROSS: 1. Patc. 2. Near. 3. Arid. 4. Lays.
5. Lead. II. ACROSS: 1. Bacca. 2. Balsa. 3. Mopus. 4. Gerah.
5. Rapol.
Pt.

October morning!—how the sun
Glitters on glowing shock and sheaf,
On apple crisp with mellow gold,
On wonder-painted leaf!
October evening!—look, the moon,
Like one in fairyland brightened!
Outdoors Jack Frost bites sharp; within,
Good, our first fire is lighted!

DOUBLE DIAMOND. ACROSS: 1. H. 2. Bob. 3. Rogue. 4. Pu-
laski. 5. Burke. 6. Sty. 7. H.

mit from paused, and leave hastened. 10. Take a beverage from
pilfering, and leave to hurl.

All of the words removed consist of the same number of letters.
When placed one below the other, the central row will spell the name
of a famous battle fought on November 7, 1811. F. S. F.

COMBINATION DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In Carthage. 2. Part of the foot. 3.
Part of a tree. 4. Part of a store. 5. Part of a house. 6. An ivory
lever. 7. In Carthage.

II. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In Carthage. 2. A step. 3. The
Ottoman empire. 4. Hurting. 5. To pain acutely. 6. A geo-
graphical abbreviation. 7. In Carthage.

III. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Carthage. 2. Induced.
3. Delicate fabrics. 4. Acknowledgment of payment. 5. Divinity.
6. To discern. 7. In Carthage.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Carthage. 2. A bird. 3.
The person to whom a gift is made. 4. Depending. 5. Super-
natural. 6. Conclusion. 7. In Carthage.

Central letter (indicated by a star), in Carthage. From 1 to 2,
spell two words; from 3 to 4 spell a single word, meaning destroying
the effect of a charm upon. DYKE CLEMENTS.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE central letters, reading downward, spell one of the muses.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. One of the sons of Coelus and Terra. 2. The wife of Alcinoos. 3. The goddess of the earth. 4. The god of love. 5. The goddess of the hearth. 6. A king of Phrygia. 7. The father of Faunus. 8. The father of Etoclus. 9. The son of Andraemon. 10. The personification of the earth. 11. The goddess of peace.

"LITTLE ONE."

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.



In the accompanying illustration each of the numbered objects may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a famous American artist, sometimes called the "American Titian," who graduated from Harvard College in 1800.

PI.

No thramw, no fresenchules, on thalhufe aese —
No tobfaciemer lefe ni yan mebrem —
On heads, no snihe, on bustertfite, no sebe,
On fritsu, no slewfor, on veler, no dribs,
Brovmece.

SEPARATED WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Separate hard, and make a masculine name and an insect. Answer, Adam-ant.

1. Separate a gas-meter, and make a deep cut and more ancient. 2. Separate one who holds the doctrine of idealism, and make a notion and a catalogue. 3. Separate a farewell, and make low ground and language. 4. Separate a tavern-keeper, and make a hotel and supporter. 5. Separate an aged warrior and counselor mentioned by Homer, and make a snug abode and a connective that marks an alternative. 6. Separate a member of an English uni-

versity, and make garments for women and to garrison. 7. Separate makes more close, and make tense and an old word meaning existence. 8. Separate a bar of wood used with the hand as a lever, and make a laborer and an ear of corn. 9. Separate turned away, and make to assert and to spread new hay. 10. Separate eminent, and make a word that expresses denial and a masculine nickname. 11. Separate money paid for the use of a quay, and make an index and maturity. 12. Separate several, and make a luminary and arid.

The initials of the first row of words (after they have been separated) spell what all should be doing on Thanksgiving Day; the initials of the second row of words spell two words which name a place where Thanksgiving Day is most keenly enjoyed.

CYRIL DEANE.

STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 1 to 2, exhibits; from 1 to 3, flattery; from 2 to 3, one of an organized body of combatants; from 4 to 5, congealed; from 4 to 6, hugs; from 5 to 6, a French word meaning acts of civility.

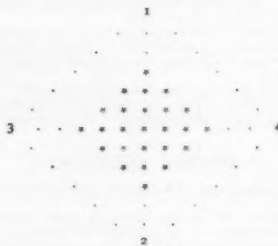
FRANK SNELLING.

WORD-BUILDING.

TAKE the smallest article that any one can find;
Build a short extension neatly on behind;
Take the little nickname, reverse it by a sea,
Ten times ten thousand, or a varnish it will be.
Turn about, add nothing; the number, too, will turn
Into jetty darkness which will brightly burn.
Cleave this through the middle, thrust a letter in,
With this work of millions islands may begin.
Add another vowel, stir the mixture well,
Deep, prophetic sayings this will surely tell;
But if you should find it following the sea
On the waves a shallop goes dancing airily;
Add a single article, precisely like the first,
To show a pretty feat which knights have oft rehearsed.

J.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.



FROM 1 to 2, merciful; from 3 to 4, impartial; from 1 to 3, covered with wax; from 3 to 2, to lament; from 1 to 4, to compare critically; from 4 to 2, to rival.

ENCLOSED DIAMOND: 1, In pine-apple; 2, a chart; 3, a builder in stone or brick; 4, emotion; 5, equilibrium; 6, a scriptural name; 7, in pine-apple.

"JOHN FREERYBINGLE."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Gems. 2. An oppressor. 3. A fruit. 4. A girl's nickname. 5. To encircle. 6. Horses.
II. 1. Irritates. 2. To give way. 3. A Peruvian animal. 4. On every supper-table. 5. Once more. 6. Ranks.

"ALPHA ZETA."

ed
;
in
t;
k-
on



DRAWN BY REGINALD B. BIRCH.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPY.